THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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AGNES TO "CHARLES AUGUSTUS."

THE OLD STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

You may woo and marry proud Kate De Forth,
With her cold black eyes and her scarlet mouth:
She has orange groves in the dreamy South,
And broad green fields in the blustery North.
I have seen you pale 'neath her fiery glance,
When the night grew faint with a soft perfume,
And the moonlight shivered her silver lance
On the shield of the parlor's purple gloom.
The shadows grappled, and rose and fell,
And the wind rung dimly its golden bell,
While my sick heart saw how your troth was sold
For the 'wildering gleam of her princely Gold!

So, as one who never hoped nor feared,
I watch you to-night as you smiling stand,
The rosy tips of your white-gloved hand
Half-hid in your exquisite tawny beard—
And you smile the same in the old, old way,
And your eyes are dark and sweetly kind,
Your voice is low as a song in May,
Or the sigh of the fragrant summer wind.
But what care *I* for your hands so white—
Your curling locks, or your beard so bright?
Or your speech, with its cadence of love's delight?
For my heart—my heart is *free* to-night.

You toy with your costly satin vest,
You smooth the plaits of your linen fine;
But the delicate lawn and the silken twine
Cover a *trifler's* heartless breast.
And though you sigh in the dear old way,
And your voice is mellow and *very* sweet,
I've known, for many and many a day,
Your smiles and sighs are all deceit.
So murmur your false vows o'er and o'er,
While your dainty "patents" tap the floor;
Your tenderness clasps a barren shore,
For my heart is free for evermore.

Baltimore. EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

COUSIN JOHN'S PROPERTY.

A STORY OF SUDDEN WEALTH.

"On the 11th ult., at Point de Galle, Ceylon, on the voyage home, John Simpson, Esq., her Majesty's Consul at Tranquebar."

"Bless my life, Sally," said Mr. Simpson, almost choking himself with his muffin, "here's cousin John dead!"

Mr. Simpson had the Times for an hour every morning (at sixpence per week), and that hour being his breakfast allowance also, he read and ate against time, taking a bite of muffin, a sip of tea, and a glance at the paper alternately; and as he was very short-sighted, and always in a hurry, there seemed imminent risk sometimes of his putting the paper into his mouth instead of the muffin.

"You don't mean to say so, Simpson," said the lady on the other side of the fireplace. "Cousin John dead! Why, he was to be in town next month—it's impossible! Where do it say so?"

And she made an attempt to reach across for the paper; but it was a long stretch, and Mrs. Simpson was stout, and hardly made due allowance for that fact in her instructions to her staymaker; so Mr. Simpson found himself master of the position, and proceeded to read the announcement again, with a proper sense of importance. Miss Augusta Simpson, and her brother, Master Samuel, who occupied the seats at the other side of the family breakfast-table, had risen from their places, and with their mouths and eyes open, and Master Samuel's knife arrested in a threatening position, formed rather a striking tableau.

"Then that Surrey property comes to us, Mr. S.," exclaimed the lady, as she left her arm-chair, and made good her hold on one side of the Times, of which her husband still pertinaciously retained possession.

"It comes to me, my dear, as next heir, by uncle Sam's will—no doubt of it." If Mr. Simpson intended a little gentle self-assertion in this speech, it was so unusual with him, that Mrs. Simpson was good enough not to notice it.

"It's worth two or three thousand pounds a year, Simpson, isn't it?"

"About one thousand, or fourteen hundred at most, my dear, as I have told you before," replied the husband. "It's a very nice property. Dear me! poor John! only to think! that he should never have come home to enjoy it!" and the good-natured Mr. Simpson gave an honest sigh to the memory of his departed cousin, and for a moment forgot his own accession of fortune.

"Well, well, life's uncertain with all of us. I never thought as you'd have outlived him, Simpson; he was ten years younger than you, if he were a day. I did think it might have been our Samuel's in days to come, supposing he died without children, as was always likely from what I heard of him. I often did say to myself, I hoped Sammy might be a gentleman."

Sammy wiped his lips in preparation for that crisis. He had been eating a second egg surreptitiously and hastily. Only a mother's eyes could have detected the future gentleman under the pinafore at that moment. "There's the 'bus, father," he shouted, jumping up with the view of effecting a diversion from his own seat of operations; "there the 'bus coming round!"

Mr. Simpson rose mechanically, and dropped the *Times*. The habits of twenty years were not to be shaken even by the sudden prospect of a thousand a-year. But his daughter, with the spirit of a true British maiden in the hour of fortune, showed herself equal to the occasion.

"Who wants the 'bus?" said she, with an indignant shove to Samuel. "'Pa an't going by 'busses now."

Like all truly great speeches, it was short, and to the purpose. As such, it was long remembered in the family. It awoke them at once to the duties and the pleasures of their new position. That useful public vehicle did not take Mr. Simpson to Aldermanbury that morning. The conductor looked at the well-known door in vain; the civil driver even let his horse lingers a little ere he turned the corner; and both turned a long and last inquiring gaze in the direction of Portland Terrace, No. 4.

"What's come of the Governor this morning, Bill? Are we arter or afore our time?"

"Not above two minutes arter; he've never been and gone by the Royal Blue!"

"Don't think he'll be so mean as that; summat's amiss, *how*-ever." And with this compliment to Mr. Simpson's business habits, the omnibus lumbered on without him. Great was the surprise, and as the morning wore on, even the anxiety in the little dark offices in Aldermanbury. Such a thing as Mr. Simpson's absence, without due cause assigned, was unknown hitherto in that most punctual and respectable establishment; and Mr. Styles, the old clerk, who had a sincere, if not a very demonstrative affection for his principal, was scarcely prevented, by a sense of what was due to the dignity of both parties, from taking his passage down to Nottington Hill to inquire.

But indeed, even had Mr. Simpson made his usual appearance at his place of business that morning, it would have been too much to expect from human nature that he should have devoted himself with his old attention to ledgers and invoices. When he did arrive there towards the afternoon, the youngest clerk saw that there was something "on the Governor's mind." He scarcely stayed half an hour; and if his unblemished commercial repute were any longer valuable to him, it would have been undoubtedly better if he had not looked in at all; for he left the impression on the minds of his subordinates, that even the small and cautious house of Simpson & Son had not escaped, in the last great commercial whirlpool; and the errand-boy, who was well up in that department of newspaper literature, gave it as his private opinion to his mother at home, that it was a "Paul & Bates" case.

But Mr. Simpson was thinking little of his business, and still less what people thought of him.

"I'll go to town at once, my dear," he had said to his wife, after their first shock of surprise was over. "I'll go and see Grindles, poor John's agents, and hear what they can tell me about it; they'll be able to give me every information, of course, and advise me as to what to do. I'll go to Grindles at once! and I'll just look into the counting-house and set Styles's mind at rest before I come back. I can bring my letters down here to answer." (How far Styles's mind was set at rest, has been already recorded.)

To Messrs. Grindles' accordingly, at an unusual expense of cab hire, Mr. Simpson proceeded. If he had any floating doubts in his mind before as to the correctness of the announcement in the Times, the remarkably grave and polite manner in which the junior Mr. Grindle (whom he remembered hitherto as a rapid and somewhat supercilious young man) received him on his entrance, would have gone far to remove them. "Have you heard anything lately of my cousin, Mr. John?" asked Mr. Simpson, with a voice which he felt was nervous and unsteady—that, however, was becoming under the supposed circumstances.

"Sit down, I beg, my dear sir,—pray sit down; sorry to say we have, very sorry indeed. Have you seen this, my dear sir?" producing a copy of the Homeward Mail, and pointing to a paragraph containing the same brief but important words as those which had caught the eyes of the Simpsons.

"I saw it in the Times this morning, and came to you to hear more about it. He was coming home, I fancy, this month?"

"He was," said Mr. Grindle; "he wrote us by the last mail to say we might expect him by the Formosa, which brought the mails, as I understand, yesterday; he had taken his passage in her, he says in this letter. We were just going to telegraph down to Plymouth, to know if she has landed her passengers, and whether your poor cousin is among them. I should fear there can be no doubt of the correctness of this sad news—most sad, indeed, and sudden; but we shall have an answer to-night, and will at once let you know. You are aware, of course," continued Mr. Grindle, delicately, "that you are your cousin's representative?"

"I am aware of it, sir," said Mr. Simpson, bowing awkwardly. "I assure you—"

"Of course, my dear sir, of course these considerations are premature. I trust, I do most sincerely trust, that we may have some intelligence of our valued friend by the Formosa. You may depend upon our making the most particular inquiries, and giving you the earliest information. Expecting him in town we were this very day, and now! Well, Mr. Simpson, life is—"

But Mr. Grindle felt himself hardly equal to the definition, and filled up his unfinished sentence by lifting up his eyes and hands. "But allow me to offer you—"

"Nothing in the world, thank you," and so they parted.

It was not natural that Mr. Simpson should either feel or affect much sorrow for the death of a cousin whom he had not seen for nearly fifteen years. Yet sometimes, on his way home, when he remembered the days when they had played together as boys, the worthy tradesman's heart reproached him for the feelings of positive elation which he was conscious of since the news of the morning. He had never thought much of the possibility of such an event as his own accession to the little Surrey estate. Mrs. Simpson, it is true, had been fond at all times of descanting, even before their acquaintances, on her children's future "expectations," not altogether to her husband's satisfaction; he had no notion, as he said, of teaching the young folks to set themselves up above their father and mother, which the younger daughter, Augusta, was rather inclined to do. And it was not without some little misgiving that he contemplated, during his solitary ride home, some of the possible effects of the change in their position upon the female members of his household. Still, it is very pleasant to feel one's self independent.—The Simpsons were by no means rich;—the son had succeeded the father in a long-established but not very lucrative business, and had neither the means nor the energy to extend it. He had had his anxieties and losses, and he was fond of ease and quiet. To drop unexpectedly into a thousand pounds a-year was, he confessed to himself, a piece of good fortune almost bewildering. If he and Mrs. Simpson sent the young folks to bed early that night (to Miss Augusta's great dudgeon), and sat over the fire themselves somewhat later than usual, discussing their future prospects, they are not to be set down as more greedy and selfish than their neighbors.

Again, at nine o'clock exactly the following morning, did the 'bus which Mr. Simpson usually patronised go to town without him; and an aspiring young banker's clerk who lived close by, usurped from that time forward the well-known corner-seat, which had belonged by a prescriptive right, willingly recognized by other passengers, to the "highly-respectable old city gent" from No. 4. For Mr. Simpson himself, at that hour, was busy reading to Mrs. S., for the second time, the following important communication from Messrs. Grindle:

"Dear Sir,—On receipt of a telegraphic message yesterday evening, informing us that no such passenger as 'Mr. John Simpson' had arrived per steamer Formosa, we despatched a clerk at once per night-mail to make further inquiries. He has just returned, and brings word that Mr. John Simpson had engaged his passage by that vessel, and that some of his luggage is now actually on board. He had himself, as it appeared, left Tranquebar for Point de Galle some weeks previously; and the Ceylon papers, put on board the Formosa just before sailing, contained the intelligence of his death. We shall write by this mail to our correspondents in both places, and obtain all particulars. Meantime you may command our best advice and assistance. Faithfully yours," &c.

The breakfast at No. 4 that morning was little more than a nominal meal to any of the party except Master Samuel. Either his imagination was less lively, or his appetite less liable to be affected by his feelings. Mrs. Simpson and Augusta were in a state of mind abhorrent from the coarse but comfortable substantials before them. Mr. Simpson played with his knife and fork, but allowed his rasher to grow cold before him untasted. After Messrs. Grindles' letter had been discovered, they had been rather a silent party. The first dreams of sudden affluence were too vague and luxuriant to shape into words. The ladies were in a little fairy-land of their own, in which vistas of smart carriages and unlimited millinery flashed before the eyes of their fancy. The husband felt, on the whole, almost as much puzzled as pleased. He had not yet succeeded in combining, to his own satisfaction, the proprietorship of Barton End—so uncle Sam's country-house was named—with the warehouses in Aldermanbury. A snug place down at Wandsworth, or any other favorite locality a few miles out of town, where he might have run down every day to dinner, and spent his Sundays with an old friend or two for company—this had long been an object of innocent ambition with him, and a favorite castle-in-the-air when he was in the mood for that kind of building, which, to do him justice, was but seldom; and if ever he had been inclined to trespass on the tenth commandment, it was as often as he passed a certain smart new villa on the Harrow Road, belonging to a retired tobacconist of his acquaintance, where the pillars at the entrance-gate represented two enormous cigars, and which bore the name of Havannah Cottage. That was very much Mr. Simpson's pattern of rural elegance and felicity. "I should like such a little place as Soufflon's very well," had been the nearest approach to enthusiastic admiration which he had ever been heard to utter with regard to that or any other of the numerous snug retreats of British industry which he and Mrs. Simpson noticed in their summer-evening drives; but it had been repeated more than once, and was evidently a pet dream of his. Mrs. Simpson's ambition had always been on a grander scale, and more comprehensive in its objects; indeed, it had varied from the possession of Buckingham Palace, Life Guards included, to the occupation of No. 1 in their own terrace, which had a second drawing-room and plate-glass windows. Either sphere, she felt, she could adorn; meanwhile she was content to make an excellent wife in her present contracted orbit. An excellent wife, as Simpson often said to himself and his city friends, in his social confidences. Did she not insist upon his always wearing worsted hose and flannel waistcoats from a given date which was assumed as the beginning of winter? And if the peculiar irritability of Mr. Simpson's skin made this style of clothing especially disagreeable to him, could that be laid to her charge? Was he to catch cold, and risk his precious life, because he "didn't like the feel" of what was good for him? All Mr. Simpson's shirts were made at home, either by her own hands or by those of her daughters. They did not cost much less, that was admitted; the collars—being made after an old and approved pattern belonging to Mrs. Simpson's papa, treasured up as a sort of standard of what a collar should be—did, as Mr. Simpson averred, cut him under the ears, and double over behind; but Mr. Simpson had a short neck, which was certainly no fault either of Mrs. S.'s or the collars. She put the cayenne pepper, to which Mr. S. was rather addicted, carefully out of reach at dinner time—it was so bad for his digestion; she woke him up ruthlessly from his after-dinner nap—those things grew upon people, and were very bad for a man of his full habit. She hid his snuff-box, banished his old "down-at-heel" slippers, and worked him a smart tight pair instead; and, in short, tried as far as possible to keep him in the way in which he should go. Mr. Simpson, it must be said, was ungrateful for some of these attentions, and evaded her well-meant efforts with a perverse ingenuity. He continually ignored or disputed the date of resuming the flannel and worsted, wore the new slippers down at heel, kept snuff in his waistcoat pocket, and had gradually acquired the faculty of sleeping, like a fish, with his eyes open. But Simpson was the best-tempered man in the world; and he and his wife, in spite of these little antagonistic peculiarities, might almost have been claimants for the fitch at Dunmow. He had a quiet will of his own, too, in more important matters, which the lady, content with acknowledged sovereignty in what she considered her own departments of government, had sense enough seldom to try to interfere with. They had two daughters—Mary, the eldest, who had been to a good school, and was now on a visit to a maiden aunt at Brixton, and who was tacitly admitted to be rather the father's pet—having a good deal of his quiet sense, and a very sweet disposition; and Augusta, who had never left home, and might be considered to have adopted more entirely her mother's tastes and manners. In Master Samuel, the only son, now about twelve, the hopes of both parents were alike centred; and his going to school had been delayed from time to time—to that young gentleman's disadvantage, a stranger might have thought—first, upon one pretext, and then another, partly because of the expense, but in fact chiefly because neither father nor mother could make up their minds to part with him. There were moments, no doubt, when some unusual fit of troublesomeness caused sentence of immediate deportation to be passed; but it never had been put into execution: and he went on picking up such scraps of learning—good and evil—as the little suburban day-school offered.

"You'll give up the business, of course, Simpson?" said the wife after a pause, following up one of her own trains of thought.

"No, Sally; I think not," quietly replied the husband.

Mrs. Simpson had been thinking not, too, in her own mind, and had not much hope of any other answer when she put the question. And she had very little confidence in her own powers of persuasion on this point, though she did follow up the attack by remarking, that she saw no reason why he should go on slaving all his life when they couldn't want the money. Mr. Simpson "wasn't above his business," and didn't call it slaving; and as to wanting the money, everybody wanted money as far as he saw: he meant everything to go on in the city just as usual.

"La, pa, what for?" asked the energetic Augusta.

"For a good many reasons," replied her father.

And that young lady, having also an instinctive suspicion that he meant what he said, relapsed into silence, as the servant entered to clear the table; for they had sat long though they had said little. And Mr. Simpson went off, an hour later than usual, to Aldermanbury.

The wife and daughter hardly felt inclined to settle themselves to their work-baskets as usual after breakfast, and Samuel had given himself a whole holiday in honor of an event which, as yet he scarcely comprehended, and had begun to tease his sister to tell him all about it, when there came a ring at the bell, and Augusta, looking out of the parlor window which fully commanded all the approaches, announced the early visitor to be their neighbor, old Mr. Burrows, of No. 6. He was a good-natured, gossiping old bachelor, who had retired on a competency from a business of his own of some kind—it appears to be hardly etiquette in Portland Terrace to inquire into particulars on that point—and occupied his leisure hours, at present, in making himself master, as far as possible, of the business of other people. Not that there was a spice of ill-nature either in his curiosity or his gossip, but he liked, as he observed, to know what was going on; and it was wonderful what trouble he gave himself about his neighbors' affairs—what clever plots and plans he laid for other people, and what very little thanks he got for it. He would have done anything in the world to oblige his friends the Simpsons, except let them alone. His interference, however, was never resented; in fact, he was looked upon as a privileged friend of the family; and no one was surprised or annoyed at his early visit. The derangement in Mr. Simpson's usual movements had not escaped his busy perceptions, of course; for he spent a good deal of his time in looking out of his window, and in holding conversations with his housekeeper, who kept him excellently well informed of all the doings in the Terrace. Samuel, who was very fond of the old gentleman, (an unrequited attachment, as it appeared,) danced round him on his entrance with unusual glee.

"Well, my little man, good morning, good morning," said Mr. Burrows, in the passage, soothing Master Samuel's antics, as one would a restive horse, "we seem very lively here; what's going on, eh?"

"Oh, papa's cousin John's dead, and we're all so glad!"

"Sam, come here, you shocking boy!" screamed Augusta, always prompt in a difficulty, for Mrs. Simpson was aghast and speechless at this abrupt statement of the circumstances; and she rushed into the passage, and seized and shook the offender violently.

"What's that for?" said Samuel, rebelliously, while Mr. Burrows tried to meditate. "Ain't I to tell Mr. Burrows, then?"

"For shame, sir!" said his mother; "is that the way to speak of your poor cousin's death?"

And having duly welcomed her visitor, she proceeded to discriminate, not very lucidly, between cause and effect. A relative of her husband's *was* dead—very suddenly; that, of course, was very shocking. Some family property had thereby come to them; which, with their rising family, was, of course, very acceptable.

It was undeniable; Mr. Burrows said, "Of course."

"And I hope," said the kind-hearted old gentleman, after a few little inquiries as to the probable amount of their new fortune, and other circumstances, which the lady was almost as glad to communicate as he was to learn, "I hope this will smooth matters a little for my young friends, you know—eh, my dear Mrs. Simpson?"

Mrs. Simpson looked embarrassed. It was not because she did not know to what young friends Mr. Burrows alluded, or that there was any mystery in the matter, in spite of that gentleman's attempt at a wink. But it was the very last subject she wished to converse upon just at this time.

"Augusta, my love," said she, "just put on your bonnet—that's a dear—and go and ask how old Mrs. Manson is; we never sent there all day yesterday, my head was so full of other things, and it's really quite unneighborly."

Miss Augusta having been easily disposed of by this means—the more easily as the subject had long lost its novelty for her, and she did not therefore think it worth her while to make resistance—Mrs. Simpson, having gained a little time to think, proceeded to reply to her visitor's last question; or rather to lead him off from it so as to avoid, if possible, giving any reply to it at all.

Her daughter Mary—to whom Mr. Burrows' little speech alluded—had lately become possessed of that delightful but dangerous plaything—a lover. There was nothing very romantic about the attachment, which might in part account for the fact that the course of their love, which was very true and honest, had hitherto run perfectly smooth, though there seemed a good many windings in prospect before it could hope to reach the ocean of matrimony. A very fine young fellow was George Harrison; looking, and walking, and speaking as much like a gentleman as if he had spent his early years at Eton and Oxford, instead of passing at once from Highgate school into his uncle's counting-house. His uncle and Mr. Simpson were old friends; and he was also distantly related to Mr. Burrows, with whom he—and consequently Mary—was an especial favorite. Not that Mary required anything beyond her own sweet thoughtful face and winning manners to make her a favorite with most of her acquaintances, old and young. There had been no talk of marriage at present; both were young enough to wait, and, as yet, found the waiting very pleasant. Friends on both sides were propitious; or, at any rate, though perfectly aware of the state of affairs, had interposed no sort of objection; and it seemed tacitly understood that in two or three years' time or so, when some opening offered to enable George to do something for himself, he would come forward manfully and claim Mary for himself "for better for worse," without any very formidable discussion about settlements. Nothing had been seen of him in Portland Terrace for the last fortnight, which had been naturally accounted for by the fact of Mary's being at Brixton. Aunt Martha was the kindest creature in the world—none the less kind in such cases because her own youth had been sad and disappointed—and if she could not fairly attribute George Harrison's frequent visits and thoughtful little presents to her own attractions, she was well content to play the part of wall between the young Pyramus and Thisbe.

But their "Lion" too, poor souls, was already roaring in the distance, and from a very unexpected quarter. A very gentle beast, too, it might have been thought. But Uncle Sam's property, which had brought the flutterings of so much pleasure in anticipation to the rest of the Simpson household, had a root of bitterness in store for poor Mary and her lover. And there were persons, at all events, who were likely to be sincere mourners, though, like many other mourners, they had but selfish reasons, for "poor Cousin John."

When Augusta had closed the door, her mother resumed the interrupted conversation.

"Oh! you mean that flirtation between George Harrison and Mary, I suppose. Well, I haven't heard much about it lately, do you know?"

"Flirtation! My dear ma'am, why an't they engaged to be married?"

"They never told me so, I assure you, Mr. Burrows." It was true to the very letter.

"No; nor they never told me so either, Mrs Simpson; but I suspect they have told each other so over and over again. You don't mean to say anything has gone wrong between them after all?"

"Nothing whatever that I know of, Mr. Burrows," rejoined the lady in her coldest and driest tone; "Mary's far too young to think about marrying yet, and me and Mr. Simpson object to long engagements."

There was something so unusually dignified in Mrs. Simpson's tone, that poor Mr. Burrows, who was no match for any woman in a conversation of this nature, for some moments could only look at her with astonishment; but he concluded at last that her prospective riches had refined her philosophy, though without improving her grammar. He was much too honest and simple-minded himself to suspect the change which such a prospect could effect in two days in her maternal feelings.

"The fact is, my dear Mr. Burrows," continued the lady, shrugging her shoulders and putting on a confidential air, "there has been, as we all know, a little—a little nonsense going on between them, as there always will be among young people, but nothing really serious on either side, I fancy."

A little nonsense! nothing serious! Why, Mr. Burrows himself had joked and poked them many a time at certain snug little suppers which were wont to take place both at No. 4 and No. 6, Mrs. Simpson herself being present, and laughing heartily; and there she sat before him now looking the very picture of cool and unembarrassed innocence, while poor Mr. Burrows felt himself coloring with modest shame and indignation. It was interesting to see the progress Mrs. Simpson was making in the duties of her new position. It was an awkward interview, but she was going through it wonderfully, as she thought herself.

"You know, Mr. Burrows, in this world young people can't marry without money."

"They can't marry in the other world even with it, I suppose, ma'am; but I thought now the money was come." He was beginning to suspect the real workings of the mother's mind, and was more abrupt and less polite than usual.

"Oh, Mary mustn't look to her father for anything at present; there's no ready money, and a deal to be done on the property; our daughters won't be heiresses, indeed, Mr. Burrows;" but Mrs. Simpson could not resist a grateful smile at the notion.

"George wasn't looking for an heiress when he fixed upon your Mary, Mrs. Simpson; he would scorn to marry any girl for her money; but he's good enough for the biggest heiress in England, George is; ay, and many a one would be glad enough to have him, ma'am, without a farthing, that they would! But as you say, ma'am, young folks can't marry without something to begin the world with; and all I know is, if I had had a fort'n left me, and Miss Mary were my daughter, I'd spend half of it to make her happy, ma'am, that's what I would!"

"Ah, my good sir, how easy it is for you to talk who have no children, and can't feel as I do!" And the smile now took the character of triumphant superiority, which could afford to pity.

It is a valuable and unanswerable argument against all bachelors. What can they know about it? Mr. Burrows gave in, foiled, but indignant. It had been foretold to him in the days of his youth, by a gypsy fortune-teller, that he should listen to a tall fair lady, who should speak him fair, and turn out a dark deceiver. "Beware of her!" had been the ominous words, and he had walked in fear and trembling in the presence of all such enchantresses all the days of his life. And now the prophecy seemed in the way of being fulfilled, like all prophecies, in the most unlooked-for manner; to be sure the lady now before him was not tall, but she was fair, and that was quite as close an interpretation as such fulfillments admit of. He wished Mrs. Simpson, "a very good morning," refused to listen to the syren voice which she put on to soothe and stay him, and left her rather disconcerted with her own success, for she had no desire to offend him.

"Confound her for a coretous old sinner!" was Mr. Burrows' explosion within his own breast as he stamped energetically along the terrace. "So she thinks her daughters may look higher now they've come into this bit of money, and means to throw poor George over! I'll give him a hint, though, of what he's got to expect, and hang me if he shan't be beforehand with them in crying off; I won't have him jilted by any such rubbish!"

By the time, however, that he got a mile from his own door—for he was much too indignant to go in and sit down—and had cooled himself in that labyrinth of muddy fields and unfinished houses north of Notting Hill, beyond the knowledge even of cabs and policemen, called by the residents, for some mysterious reason, Kensington Park, he began to think within himself that the term "rubbish" could not apply

with any fitness to his favorite Mary Simpson. If the mother was spoiled by a little sudden prosperity, it was no reason the daughter should be. "George wouldn't have given *her* up," he thought, "not if he'd been left a million." And why should the girl be less honest than he was? So Mr. Burrows resolved, with a very wise and unusual self-denial, to let things take their course for the present, and to smother his knowledge of Mrs. Simpson's baseness as he best might, within his own breast.

Mary came home from her aunt's the next day, and heard the news of the unexpected change in the family fortunes with so little outward emotion as to disappoint very considerably her sister and mother, both of whom thought to have had the pleasure of overwhelming her by the magnificence of their announcement. Perhaps one reason for her taking it so quietly was, that at the moment she did not connect it in the least with her engagement with George Harrison; for engaged they had been for the last six months, as Mrs. Simpson was perfectly well aware—though certainly she had received no formal notification of the fact—and therefore thought herself quite justified in professing ignorance to Mr. Burrows. Perhaps Mary thought of George so much, that everything which did not directly refer to him seemed to her of little importance. Girls are so foolish sometimes. She felt very glad on her father's account; she remembered once, when she was but a child, and some little difficulty about money had occurred, as such things will occur in the trading community even to the most prudent, that he had said to her mother in her hearing, "Ah, Sally, if I had but a thousand pounds!" and how much she had wished some one would give her a thousand pounds to give him, and wondered whether she could ever save so much out of her monthly allowance of half-a-crown, by being more careful in the matter of bootlaces; and now he would have a thousand pounds every year! She wished some of it had come then; for she had dim and painful recollections of her mother crying, and her father walking about the room instead of eating his supper, and of herself going to bed with a heavy and puzzled heart, after a long kiss from him which she knew by instinct had as much sorrow as love in it. If she asked him more questions when he came home from the city that evening about Barton End, and whether he had ever been there, and what sort of a place it was, and when he meant to go and live there, than even Mrs. Simpson or Augusta had yet asked, it was not because Mary was more curious or more impatient than the others, or because the thought of their new wealth was more delightful to her, or because she was as tired as her mother and sister had suddenly professed themselves, of living "poked up in London" (perhaps she had her private reasons to the contrary), but because these were new and pleasant sources of a common interest between her father and herself, which she felt after all she could enter into much more heartily than his usual topics of conversation, which had seldom gone beyond the dry details of the rise and fall of markets, or the last commercial gossip from the city; and poor Mary had often confessed, rather to the annoyance of her family, that she had not much natural taste for shop craft, and had always found herself much more congenially occupied in aunt Martha's quiet cottage at Brixton, where there were books, and flowers, and old songs which she was never tired of singing, or her aunt of hearing. In fact Mary, though almost unconsciously to herself, and certainly not admitted to such distinction by either mother or sister, was quite the lady of the family. Mr. Simpson felt it every day, though he could not have put it into words; and his own honest but uncultivated mind warmed and opened with a strange but not unusual attraction to his elder daughter's influence. His wife complained on this very evening, not without some truth, that Mary had got more out of her father in a few minutes than she and Augusta had arrived at in all their cross-examination of him since the news arrived. For Mr. Simpson had actually, for a few weeks in his boyhood, been a dweller in this paradise (for such the Surrey country-house had become in their vivid imaginations,) and could remember all about it, they were sure, if he chose.

"My loves, I don't remember much about it; I was only a boy, you know (and that's a long while ago, Sally); but I do remember poor uncle Sam was very kind, and it was a very nice place to me after London street, as you may suppose. I can recollect, as well as if it was yesterday, galloping the old pony about the park."

"There, pa," screamed Augusta; "you never told us before that there was a park! Oh, what a beautiful place it must be!"

"It was called a park, my dear, but it was only a field: it had been a larger place once, I believe, but there was nothing very grand about it in uncle Sam's days."

"And shall I have a pony to ride, pa?" asked Samuel.

"You shall go to school at all events, my boy," said his father, looking at him rather thoughtfully.

This was a view of his inheritance not altogether so gratifying to Master Samuel; though his sister, to whom he had been more than usually troublesome that morning, expressed her emphatic opinion, that it would "do him a deal of good."

"And Augusta must have a governess to finish her, like Miss 'Obbs," said the mother.

"La, mother!" exclaimed Augusta, who considered herself a much more finished article, in every respect, than Miss Hobbs, in spite of that young lady's superior advantages; but as there was something in the proposal which sounded grand she made no serious opposition to it.

Mary silently congratulated herself that she was too old to be finished; and then for the first time it struck her that their improved circumstances might have some effect upon her own prospects. It was a very pleasant idea; and she began to indulge little dreams on her own account of all that money might do. It need not be said that she kept them carefully to herself, or that they would scarcely have harmonised with Mrs. Simpson's.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union, without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
	Grace Greenwood.
	Florence Percy.
T. S. Arthur.	Martha Russell.
Emma Alice Browne. Author of "Letters from Paris."	Author of "My Last Cruise," &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, *who write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES by MARY HOWITT.

A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series. By GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series. By ——.

POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.

POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

RATHER COLD.—On Monday, the 10th instant, the mercury fell at Montreal, Canada, to 40 degrees *below* zero. This is the coldest report we have of that cold day, though at some other places it was quite cold enough for comfort. For instance at Littleton, N. H., it was 24 degrees below, and, on the next day, Tuesday, even colder, being 30 below, and within one of the Montreal temperature. At Boston, the coldest recorded was 16 degrees below—and through Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine the thermometer probably ranged from 16 to 40 below zero. In this city we could boast of only about 6 below, though at Germantown, at some hour through the night, the mercury went down to 11 below zero, according to a self-registering thermometer.

At the South, however, they seem to be luxuriating in a more genial atmosphere. We see it stated that at Savannah they have fresh shad; in Florida, green peas and other vegetables and fruits; at St. Helena, S. C., the orange trees have budded, and corn, sprung from wasted seed, is from five to six inches in height; while at Charleston, on Friday week, there were successive showers, with thunder and lightning.

Well, as we write this, the cold has abated at Philadelphia, we have had a warm rain, and the atmosphere is misty, damp and unhealthy—though how long it will continue so, the "clerk of the weather" only knows. So much for being located just between North and South, and combining the advantages, as some say, and the disadvantages, as others say, of both sections. For our part, if we could have the thermometer range from twenty to thirty degrees—we mean *above* zero—through the winter months, with six inches of snow constantly on the ground, we should be entirely satisfied. And if any of our readers know of a place which fulfills these conditions, we should like to hear of it, for we think we will move there as soon as possible. We so dislike this incessant variation from ice and snow to mud and slush.

☞ Mr. C. L., of Henderson, Texas, says:

The talent now employed on THE POST ought to command the largest subscription of any weekly in the Union.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.—The *Evening Journal* of this city, says:—

Mr. Everett has been a journalist four weeks. Four articles from his chaste and classic pen have been furnished to the beneficent Bonner, as per contract. It is a plain case against Mr. Everett. He is not a journalist. Statesman, powerful and profound—orator, charming, brilliant, irresistible—writer, chaste, elegant, admirable—all these may he be, and yet he is no journalist. His columns have not been reared in grace, brightness and beauty. What he has written has been extensively common place. The sentences seem all to hang fire. The wit is slow, and timid, and stately. No new truths have been advanced, no fresh good things have been said. The axioms have not even had the benefit of unworn and attractive clothing. Mr. Everett's sad fate is the fate of a great many very eminent and confessedly strong men, who have boldly entered the ranks of journalism.

True enough. It is not every "fine old gentleman, all of the olden time," who can write a good newspaper article. Even as to men of genius, authors, poets, &c., some fail whom one would think undoubtedly must succeed—for instance, Mr. Dickens, with all his vivacity, humor, and apparently ready utterance. But, as they say out West, "he is a very fine man, but he cannot run a steamboat," so it will probably soon be said in the East, "he is a very eloquent speaker, but he cannot write a good newspaper article." As to Mr. Everett, he has contributed, we believe, for years, to the North American Review—a journal which does not pay very liberally—and always had the reputation of being a polished and scholarly essayist and critic; but that anything wonderful should have been expected of him as a newspaper writer, simply proves the power of puffery on one side, and of ignorance on the other.

THE LAST SPIRITUAL "EXPLOIT."—At the last Spiritual Conference a believer informed the audience, that a woman in New York city was recently putting down a carpet, and having "temporarily left her hammer and tacks on the floor near the hall, behind an open door, she soon after discovered that the spirits had driven several of the tacks into the wall in such a manner as to form the initials of her name."

Is it not astonishing, the idleness and perversity of those "spirits?" When our eye first lighted upon the above, we thought, "now here at last is an instance where the 'spirits' really have done some good." We expected, as much as we expected anything, that they had taken up the poor, tired woman's hammer and tacks, and finished—"brownie"-fashion—her work for her. But no, perverse as usual, instead of aiding, they could only mar, by "driving tacks into the *wall*"—a process which would deface any wall, whether it were simply white-washed, or covered with paper. We are more and more convinced, as we read the numerous experiences of spirit doings—in all of which, of course, we repose implicit faith—that these bogies are a lazy, perverse, good-for-nothing set of fellows, much on a par with that one which plagued for years the Wesley family. Baillie Jarvie said of Rob Roy, that he was too bad for blessing, and too good for cursing; and we should not be surprised if these spirits, thus left to prowl around the confines of this earth, were a little of the same character—too good for below, too bad for above, and with just sense enough to tug old bones about, spoil good furniture and walls—and read the New York Ledger.

THE FATHER OF SEVEN SONS.—On the occasion of the recent presentation of a watch to Mr. Charles Dickens by the inhabitants of Coventry, Eng., it came out on the best authority, that of the novelist himself, that he had seven sons. Mr. Dickens said:—

When he had done with time and with its measurement, that watch should belong to his children, and as he had seven boys, and as they had all of them begun to serve their country in various ways, or were to be trained to do so, and as they had begun to elect into what distant regions they should seek their fortunes, he had great pleasure in imagining that it was not only possible, but very probable, its little voice might be heard years hence telling the time in some unfounded city in the wilds of Australia, or, who knew, it might be in Coventry street, Japan. (Laughter and cheers.)

In Mr. Dickens's case the old rule does not seem to prevail, that men of genius have few children. Seven sons are enough to carry the name, and perhaps the fame, of Dickens, to the remotest climes and generations. By the way, the name of Dickens has quite a respectable sound now—though, when we first heard it, we thought that of all mean, low-bred and cockneyish cognomens it was about the worst. But though there really is something in a name, still a rose, by any other name, would not only "smell as sweet," but in a short time lend its perfume to the name itself.

☞ A week or two ago, when deprecating any attempt on the part of our citizens to detain unwilling travellers in Philadelphia, by preventing railroad connections, &c., we were not aware that the Camden and Amboy and other railroad companies had lent themselves to an arrangement by which a discrimination of nearly six dollars was made against this city on the route from New York to Memphis. As to the meanness of such discriminations, we need not waste words. Those that can be guilty of them, will hardly be convinced of their impropriety by mere appeals to their sense of justice. A retaliatory policy, in such cases, until the offensive discriminations are withdrawn, would seem to be a matter of necessity. We hope every justifiable means will be resorted to, to bring the offending companies to a sense of their duty. These discriminations, intended to help one city at the expense of another, are mean and pitiful beyond expression. And it is no wonder that Philadelphians cannot always keep their tempers, when they detect such underhanded plottings against their interests.

MR. ELLSWORTH'S WILL.—It is now alleged that the Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, who recently left $100,000 to his family, and $700,000 to Yale College, has not been of sufficiently sound mind to transact business for several years past.

We think that the presumption is very much in favor of such a belief. Certainly it is only acting a charitable part, to suppose the maker of such a will a little out of his mind—for a little "out of his mind," or a good deal out of his *heart*, is the verdict of most men in these seemingly unnatural cases.

DEATH OF A PHILADELPHIA POET.—We have several times published poems taken from our California exchanges, written by Edward Pollock. The fact of our publishing them proved that we considered them of greater merit than the average of such productions. But the last number of the California *Home Journal* comes to us in black, with a notice of the death of Mr. Pollock, and the statement that he was a Philadelphian by birth. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Pollock formerly contributed to THE POST. The following, which is one of his latest productions, appears in the same journal which notifies its readers of his death:—

EVENING.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

The air is chill and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.
Phantom fleets, they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars, and misty sails,
Unshattered, have weathered a thousand gales;
Slow wheeling, lo! in squadrons gray,
They part, and hasten along the bay;
Each to its anchorage finding way.
Where the hills of Sancelito swell,
Many in gloom may shelter well;
And others—behold—unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatraz;
No greetings, of thunder and flame, exchange
The armed isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely blown,
Were blazoned in a land unknown;
So, charmed from war, or wind, or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide.

What bear these ships?—what news, what freight
Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart-broken;
Oh, how many a venture, we
Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea;
How many an hour have you and I,
Sweet friend, in sadness seen go by,
While our eager, longing thoughts were roving
Over the waste for something loving,
Something rich, and chaste, and kind,
To brighten and bless a lonely mind;
And only waited to behold
Ambition's gems, affection's gold,
Return, as "remorse," and "a broken vow,"
In such ships of mist as I see now.

The air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,
Freighted with sorrow, heavy with woe;—
But these shapes that cluster, dark and low,
To-morrow shall be all aglow!
In the blaze of the coming morn these mists,
Whose weight my heart in vain resists,
Will brighten and shine and soar to Heaven,
In thin white robes, like souls forgiven;
For Heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as a winter, has a spring.
So, praise to God! who brings the day,
That shines our regret and fears away;
For the blessed morn I can watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.

ANOTHER WORLD'S FAIR.—It has been about seven years since the Great Exhibition in London—and we see it is contemplated to hold another in 1861, to be devoted more particularly to works designed to show the *progress* of the arts and of industry since the first display, and comprehending, in addition, "music and painting." If the contemplated Exhibition should succeed, it is designed to hold yet another in 1871, and so on at the beginning of every new decade.

The *first* British Exhibition succeeded. The French and New York imitations were failures—at least in a financial point of view—the latter being a complete breakdown, ending with a conflagration. If John Bull is able to make a second Exhibition pay, it will prove that he either understands doing some things a little better than other people, or else that the crank of the universe is a little nearer to London than to either Paris or New York.

A SPIRITED CONTEST.—The Directors of the Mercantile Library of this city, recently discontinued the subscription of the Company to the Westminster Review, on account of an article in said Review on the Religious Weakness of Protestantism. To this action of the Directors, exception was taken by a number of the members, and, at the recent annual meeting of the Company, the subject was brought up. The result was the sustaining of the Directors in their course by a vote averaging about 154 to 130.

The Westminster is a Review which leans decidedly towards a rationalistic interpretation of the Scriptures, and to the extreme Unitarian school.

THE HUTCHMANN LETTER.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore American claims the authorship of this famous letter—which has been usually credited to Mr. Webster—for "Mr. William Hunter, the modest and able Chief Clerk of the Department of State." If it is so, we suppose that Mr. Hunter has preserved the original draft, to show that the alterations made by Mr. Webster, before adopting the paper as his own, were few and insignificant. "Honor to whom honor is due"—but no attempt on the part of a jackal to set himself up as a lion. If Mr. Hunter really is of the lion breed, and not of the jackal, let him prove that he himself tore down the Austrian prey.

☞ The "Sons of Malta" recently distributed a large amount of bread to the poor of this city. One would have expected beer also, from the sons of Malt-a.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

Oh, reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound an Atheist's sophistries.

Below a circling fence its leaves are seen,
Wrinkled and keen:
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound:
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.
—*Southey.*

☞ It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive it, hath it not.—*Bishop Taylor.*

New Publications.

THE POOR GIRL AND THE TRUE WOMAN, by WILLIAM M. THAYER, (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) is a work designed to assist in the formation of the character of girls, and, we are bound to observe, one of the silliest and shallowest works ever got up for that very laudable purpose. Mr. Thayer's exemplar of womanly excellence is Miss Mary Lyon, the former Principal of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, in Massachusetts, a woman certainly remarkable in many ways, and deserving of all possible respect and honor, but by no means the perfect rose and unexampled prodigy of womanhood Mr. Thayer would have us believe. Her position, indeed, gave her a certain prominence, but there are thousands of women all through New England as good, as sensible, as benevolent, energetic and self reliant as she. The schoolmistress that Holmes has drawn so delicately in his "Autocrat," is by no means an uncommon character in New England, as every one who knows anything about schoolmistresses very well knows. But Holmes has not, as Mr. Thayer has, committed the egregious folly of exaggerating the noble type of a sweet and common womanhood into more than historic importance, or used it to defame a heroine like the Maid of Orleans. But, says Mr. Thayer, "the female character appears to advantage only in its appropriate sphere. *Who can respect Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans,* who buckled on the soldier's armor and went to the tented field? (!!) Her remarkable prowess and brilliant victories do not atone *for her breach of female delicacy (!!!) So* it is with such *modern* female reformers as Abby Kelly Foster. * * * * * Contrast with *either* of these characters Mary Lyon, the humble girl and gifted teacher," etc. Such twaddle as this is indeed revolting, and it is incredible that any man who knows enough to write at all, should be found capable of writing it. "Who can respect Joan of Arc?" We should like to know any one else beside Mr. Thayer who cannot respect Joan of Arc, a woman on whom poets and historians have lavished their loftiest eulogy, and whose memory stands bright in every manly heart, as her statue stands in the sunlight of the square at Rouen. But Mr. Thayer thinks she committed "a breach of female delicacy!" Dear, daffadowndilly Mr. Thayer! We shall next hear of the breach of female delicacy committed by the women who served their country in the smoke and storm of the Revolution, or the women of the western and south-western frontier, good at the rifle as at the housework, and often aiding and saving husbands, brothers, fathers and children in the night onslaught of the Indian, or in the constant perils of the border. But cowardice and kid gloves, dependence and deference, the home virtues and teacher virtues only, are indissolubly connected with Mr. Thayer's conception of woman and woman's work in this world. To do gloriously and well what God has given her the power or the genius to do, is, if contrary to the prescriptions of such mild maniacs as Mr. Thayer, "a breach of female delicacy." It is unfortunate that Miss Lyon, who was, as Shakspeare emphatically says of his Queen Catherine, "a good woman," should have been lowered even momentarily in the mind of the reader by the degrading contrast instituted by this absurd man. We advise Mr. Thayer to resign the enterprise of forming girls' character to some one competent to the task, for most assuredly he is not that person. We wonder that women do not lose all patience with the intolerable presumption and patronizing condescension continually practised by such guardians of their character and conduct as this Mr. Thayer.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE (T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia,) is a deserving periodical, and both useful and entertaining to the home circle. The January number now before us is a fair sample of its usual contents. We find in it upwards of forty good pages of stories, sketches and poems; then useful receipts for housekeepers, full details of the fashions, hints on the preservation of health, notices of new books and editorial notes and comments. Besides, it has engravings on steel and wood, fashion plates, patterns and samples, all instructive to those concerned in such things.

Apropos of fashion plates, the fashion plate in the January number, describes, we suppose, rather than advises, a style of costume which we consider an immense mistake, though pretty generally accepted. The plate represents a girl and boy in winter raiment. The boy is dressed well enough in good trousers, boots and leggings; but the girl's clothing, alas! is too much like the monkey's tail when he had it painted sky-blue,—more ornamental than useful. Under the skirt of a dress not reaching much below the knees, is seen the edge of a lace pantalette—scanty covering against the keen January breeze that will rush up the hooped skirt to chill the poor child's legs—while, worse still, white stockings and tight-fitting thin pink gaiters, distressingly elegant, complete the picture. Of course Mr. Arthur does not counsel this preposterous garb; he does but give the fashion of the day, which any one may see in the city streets. During the recent cold season, when we were all suffering from a severe attack of Labrador, and when to venture out was as much as your nose was worth, so harsh and griping was the winter air,—we saw several times, little girls, loaded, even to discomfort, we should think, with heavy clothing above the knees, while below, cotton stockings and ordinary prunella shoes were the only protection for the poor legs and feet! Above the knees the body's temperature might have been tropical under those layers of clothing, but below it must have been absolutely frigid. Cloak, shawl, furs, tippets in profusion, but cotton stockings and prunella shoes the scanty allotment doled out by custom to the legs and feet doomed to move about in that purgatorial cold! These things are really too bad. Far more especially than boys, girls, and women as well, are liable to suffer great physical injury by cold or damp feet, and this part of their clothing ought to be particularly weather-proof. If parents could but imagine, still less realise, the possible evils they may inflict upon their children, by suffering their lower limbs to be without especial protection, the absurd fashion we censure would speedily be abolished. We would rather see, for our own part, a little girl wearing boy's boots and trowsers in the winter weather, than a short skirt, thin stockings and light shoes.

THE PATENT OFFICE REPORT ON AGRICULTURE FOR 1857 is now issued. We are indebted for a copy to the Hon. T. B. Florence. It contains much matter interesting to farmers, relative to meteorology in its connexion with agriculture, to the culture of tea in this country, the nature and value of the Sorghum and Chinese Yam, the cultivation of grapes for the manufacture of native wine, and various other subjects.

SHELLS FROM THE SEA SHORE OF LIFE (W. R. C. Clark, New York,) is the fantastic title of a fantastic book, eccentric without being witty. The author calls his random fancies on all kinds of subjects, "shells," with what appropriateness or significance we are unable to discover. Perhaps, however, they are called shells because they are not pearls, which they certainly are not.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. January. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER for January (Macfarlane, Ferguson, & Co., Richmond, Va.,) has its usual variety of entertaining stories, poems, essays, contributions to history, literary criticisms and editorial genialities.

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

TOLEDO, Jan. 9th, 1859.

Editor Saturday Evening Post.

DEAR SIR:—Notwithstanding all I wrote you of my coming—notwithstanding all my plans, intentions, and home-sick wishes, I am still far away from Right-angle-dom. Soon after my last letter to you was dispatched, we had another terrible dispensation of bad weather. That, and some new business matters, rendered necessary still longer delay,—and until to day, when my long-missed letters have reached me, I was under the impression that nothing more would be acceptable from me, until I could fulfil my engagement to the letter, and give your readers something from the city. I will now endeavor to report myself from every point I perch upon for a little rest, during my flight homeward over this wide white flood of winter snows.

My Christmas and New Year's were spent among my Michigan friends—not very merrily, because I had thought to spend them at home, but certainly not unhappily. I had most pleasure in the merriment of the little folks. My brother's children followed the good old custom of hanging up their stockings, and my little three-year old *fille* hung up hers for the first time. At the peep of dawn, I heard glad, eager little voices from bed and crib, like the piping of small birds in their nests, calling out "a Merry Christmas!" and asking if Santa Claus had come in the night. Then followed a simultaneous scrambling up and a rush out into the sitting-room, where hung a little row of plethoric stockings, white, blue and red—not alas, by the cheerful, hospitable chimney-corner, but behind the stove—that dull, unsympathetic comforter—economy's sorry substitute for the bonny, blazing ingle-side of the Christmas days of my childhood.

I was happy to see that our little one accepted without questioning or cavilling, the innocent fable of Santa Claus,—but I was shocked at the cold scepticism of her young relatives. On closely catechising them, I found that they all, to a shrewd little lad of three years, rejected the myth, and boldly referred the apparent miracle to the agency of papa, mamma, sister, or auntie.

This melancholy decline in childish faith must, I am convinced, be ascribed to the almost universal use of stoves and furnaces. The story of the dear little Dutch fairy-man, descending wide old-fashioned chimneys, after the fire had been suffered to die down, was comparatively easy of belief,—but what bright, intelligent child can be expected to credit accounts of his coming down the hot pipe of an air-tight, or up the narrow flue of a furnace,—bringing safely through such dark and devious ways his wonderful, inexhaustible pack of beautiful things—toys and dainties gathered from the ends of the earth.

The tale is too absurdly and unpoetically improbable to be seriously entertained for a moment. With even my wee lassie, I was obliged to compromise the sacred old nursery tradition, and let Santa Claus in by the back door.

The new year opened finely. The first day was mild and bright—the rough face of the poor storm-beaten earth put on a strange cheeriness—the sky above looked actually blue and benignant. Then there was the sunshine! at first daintily sifted down through the floating clouds, like precious gold-dust—then falling in one grand, broad, bounteous flood—drenching us with light. Little A—— danced for joy, and shouted—"Sunshine's come back!—sunshine's come back!"

I wondered that the child had not forgotten there was such a thing in the universe.

This beautiful and novel spectacle had a run of about five days, and was succeeded by a grand snow-storm, which still continues.

We have been in this city since the 3d—and though for these three days we have been weather-bound, blockaded by snow and cold, we have had a delightful and memorable visit.

On Wednesday, which was one of the loveliest winter days I have ever known, I went out with a party of friends, for a horse-back ride. A horse-back ride in January is a rare event, with me, in America—rarer with every equestrian than it should be, for at no period of the year is the exercise so invigorating and exhilarating. I always enter upon it then with a peculiar, wild zest—a fierce exultation, which is like a defiance to the elements. We were dressed warmly, with furs and manifold wraps, and did not suffer from the cold for a moment. Our ride was altogether a glorious frolic. As the sky was soft overhead, we cared little that the earth was in a sympathetic state under foot—sunshine was full compensation for mud—and if the air was full of frost, our horses were full of fire.

We galloped down the river, for a mile or so, passing some noble residences,—then took our way back from the road, to an open tract of land, where we found turf and a pretty thick growth of young trees. Here we had a wild,

harum-scarum gallop—plashing through half-frozen pools and streams—tearing through brushwood—dodging trees and scraggy branches—leaping or rather scrambling over ditches! We "stood not on the order of our going"—but *went*, at the top of our horses' speed and bent, as though a troop of Camanches were after us, and the cry—"save himself who can and the bloody salvages take the hindmost!"

Our horses seemed to enjoy the novel excursion quite as much as we, and fully to enter into the strife of speed and frolic. On returning, we had difficulty in subduing their exalted spirits and in sobering their paces to the proprieties of town life.

We rode through the principal streets, and I was greatly pleased with the cheerful and prosperous appearance of the unfortunate city which I had before scarcely thought of, save as a gloomy stronghold of chills and fevers, or as one of the most melancholy battle-fields of the cholera.

I missed the only romantic incident of the ride, after all. Fearing to fatigue myself too much, I laid to, at an early hour, while my friends continued to cruise about till nearly dark. Riding again on the river bank, they chanced to witness the disinterment of the skeleton of an Indian, found about two feet below the surface of the ground. Our friend, Mr. D——, possessed himself of the copper succotash bottle of the deceased Miami—a battered little vessel, corroded and green—a true specimen of *vera antique*, and brought it home before him in triumph.

But, in an excess of trust in his fellow citizens, he left the interesting relic on the sidewalk, before his house, for a little time, and when he went for it found it not. Buried, with long-forgotten savage ceremonies, in the grave of a chieftain, a century ago, perhaps, holding food for the spirit on its last trail, it may now have gone to boil the "praties" of some Irish washerwoman.

"To what base uses may we come at last!"

My friend said that the skeleton seemed very perfect—the skull especially so—the jaws set with a double line of teeth, which grinned up a horrible greeting to the light, and the curious face of the stranger.

Such melancholy antiquities are by no means rare in this region. Civilization is everywhere cutting its ruthless way through the humble, forgotten burial places of a vanquished and vanishing race.

About thirteen miles up the river, and some two miles above old Fort Meigs, is the scene of Wayne's great battle with the Indians, who attempted to surprise him, but found him ready and willing. The slaughter of the savages was immense—the river is said to have run red with their blood; "yet 'twas a famous victory."

The rock on which expired *Turkey-Foot*, the redoubtable leader of the attack, is still there—one of the marks and memorials of the spot. It is of soft stone, and is rudely carved over with turkey-feet. The few Indians yet remaining in this region, are accustomed to visit the battle-field once a year, and to freshen up, or cut anew the emblem and epitaph of the unfortunate brave. Humble Old Mortalities—faithful and pious in their way—a poor, savage way, but not to be despised by men or angels.

The very day succeeding our merry ride, the mighty snow storm whose vast white wings had covered the Eastern States, reached us, and now the ground we galloped over is hard as rock, and lies a foot deep in snow. More intense cold I have never known than I encountered yesterday, sleigh-riding a little to test the temper of the wind.

I shall leave Toledo not only with a wish, but a resolve to visit it again at a more favorable season for seeing the country round about. I shall go with regret, sorrowing to leave kind and generous friends, whom, in my brief visit, I have learned to love with a love that seems both to reach back into the past and forward into the future—to take hold on the eternities. Adieu,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE POLITICIAN'S CRAFT.

We'd assumed with great skill a commandin position,
On this side or that, so one couldn't tell wich one,
So, wutever side wipped, we'd a chance at the plunder,
And could sue for infringin' our paytented thunder;
We were ready to vote for whoever was eligible,
Ef on all pints at issoo he'd stay unintelligible.
Wal, speakin' we had to gulp down our perfessions,
We were ready to come out next mornin' with fresh ones;
Besides, *ef* we did, 'twas our business alone,
For couldn't we du wut we would with our own?
An' of a man can, wen perrisions hev ris so,
Eat up his own words, it's a mercy it is so.

—*The Biglow Papers.*

☞ The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers; but the tongue is only busy in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast, or faster, than they are received, it must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers take in still without utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much and utter nothing, lest I be covetous; nor spend much and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.—*Bishop Hall.*

Catch the seconds as they're passing,
Wait not for the hours;
Prize them as a golden treasure—
Use them not in trifling pleasure—
Seconds, Minutes—prizing, holding
As you would sweet buds unfolding
Into choicest flowers.

☞ Christmas Day.—I love to see this day well kept by rich and poor; it is a great thing to have one day in the year, at least, when you are sure of being welcome wherever you go, and of having, as it were, the world all thrown open to you.—*Washington Irving.*

☞ Sometimes when we look at the frightful errors which metaphorical expressions may have introduced, I do not wonder that Plato spoke in the hardest manner of poets. But man cannot narrate without metaphor—so much more does he see in every transaction than the bare circumstances.—*Emerson.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

The Turn of the Wheel—An Ugly Symptom—Imperial Amusements—Rossini at Home—The Battle of the Frogs and Mice—A Happy Pater-Familias—A Splendid Spectacle.

Paris, December 16, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The return of Christmas is being duly heralded by fogs, sleet and snow; the latter, however, kindly melting as it falls. The shop windows are beginning the grand affair of their "New Year" toilette, and bid fair to be as splendid as ever, and to induce the good public to the paroxysm of present-buying, incidental to the season. Giroux, the great emporium for toys and nick-nacks of every description, has "taken Time by the forelock," and his magnificent show, occupying an entire house on the most fashionable boulevard, is to-day thrown open to the public. In the course of another week, all his rivals will be out in full bloom, and the streets of Paris will present the spectacle so often described as one of the "features" of the place, viz.: miles of gorgeous displays, offering every object of luxury and elegance under the sun, and an entire population slowly perambulating the said streets, and gazing, with longing and admiring eyes, upon all these splendors.

Last year, in the midst of all the anxiety caused by the "panic," the New Year's sales attained a higher figure than in any preceding season; it may, therefore, be confidently predicted that the purchases of the coming fortnight will gladden the souls at least of those who sell and of those who receive. We may hope that one large class among the buyers will also enjoy the act of purchasing—those whose gifts are destined to rejoice the hearts of children. As for the still larger class, who purchase the most costly objects as gifts to their lady friends, it is pretty generally understood that the custom of giving *etrennes* is looked on by the greater part of them as a terrible infliction; giving a world of trouble to the donors, who are obliged to waste day after day in the embarrassing business of choosing among rival novelties, and compelling an amount of pecuniary outlay that is often felt to be seriously inconvenient. The perfect *sang froid* with which ladies of all classes here receive these gifts from their gentlemen visitors, looking for their presentation as a matter of course, and accepting them rather as a thing of right, is a striking proof of the selfish hardness too often characteristic of the *Parisienne*, and resulting, in a great measure, from the habits of luxury and display which lead so many women, in all walks of life, to sacrifice everything to the passion for outshining their neighbors, and to surround themselves with elegancies of every description, not unseldom utterly out of proportion with their pecuniary means. Such women not only accept, with affected indifference, but with real avidity, the most costly presents, but take pains to display these presents on the tables, chairs and sofas of their drawing-rooms, pointing them out to their guests, as though to remind the forgetful or to stimulate the tardy.

But enough on a subject which is far from offering matter for agreeable remark.

The Imperial occupants of the Tuileries seem to be disposed to pass a very gay winter. The Emperor has already been out to hunting-parties at Fontainebleau; and the Empress has been visiting Prince Jerome at the Palais Royal, and bestowing the light of her countenance on various other members of the Imperial family. Balls, concerts and theatricals are being prepared at the Tuileries, and both the ruler of France and his pleasure-loving wife honor the operas and even the best of the minor theatres with their presence whenever anything remarkable is to be performed. The dowagers of the Faubourg St. Germain, who remain in the haughty seclusion of their historic hotels, discourse angrily on the Empress's love of amusement, as though it were not the most natural thing in the world that a lady brought up in the enjoyment of every species of amusement from her cradle, of rank and wealth that enabled her to gratify every taste, and of so gay and fearless a temperament that her fancies were inexhaustible, and her frolics the life of the stately grandees of her native land, should endeavor, now that her "stars have flung her" upon a throne, to enliven the monotony of a court life by the introduction of all manner of legitimate and not undignified diversion. Her Majesty, however, seems to trouble herself very little with the strictures of the elderly ladies in question; and the court of Napoleon III., under her auspices, promises to be, this winter, the gayest in Europe. As for the little prince, his diminutive Highness may be seen, almost every day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, playing in the reserved garden of the Tuileries, attended by the grand lady who enacts the part of his governess, and followed by a tall footman in green and gold, carrying an armful of hoops, balls and other playthings. No doubt the little fellow would amazingly like to squat on the ground, and shovel dust into a miniature cart with his own Imperial hands, like the hundreds of non-Imperial little mortals at play in the alleys outside; but no such undignified proceeding is permitted to him. However, he looks to be so very staid a young gentleman when he drives out with his mamma, enveloped in heaps of furs, that leave little of him visible beyond the end of his nose, that perhaps he is not very keenly alive to the fact of his privation.

The first of the famous masked balls given here every winter of the Grand opera, takes place on Saturday next, Strauss, as usual, leading the orchestra. This veteran master of the waltz is going to produce, for this occasion, all the new dances of his, in the as yet unpublished "album," for 1859. Ladies will be admitted only in fancy costumes or in dominos; though gentlemen have the privilege of appearing in evening dress.

Rossini has just returned to Paris for the winter, and has celebrated this event by giving a splendid musical party, at which all the notabilities of the season were to be seen. The great composer is extremely genial and affable; and makes a most delightful host. With his well-marked features, white-gray locks, and pleasant smile, he moves ubiquitously among his guests, full of anecdote, of witty repartee, and charming alike by the extent of his knowledge of men and things, and by the profound remarks on art, and on general subjects, which drop from his lips. The great composer nevertheless suffers severely from gout, and when the pain seizes him, is apt to utter very energetic interjections in the sonorous tongue of his native land. The Archbishop of Florence, who is an ardent admirer of Rossini, was one day consulted by the latter on the subject of this habit.

"*Diavolo*," said the archbishop, "it is a sin to swear!"

"I know it," returned the *maestro*, "and that is why I entreat your permission to do so in certain cases."

"I must first know what oaths you usually employ; a good deal depends on that. Henri IV. used to say *ventre-saint-gris!* an exclamation which may be allowed."

"*Ventre-saint-gris* is certainly a very innocent word in comparison with—"

"Well, with what?" inquired the archbishop, encouragingly.

"With *Corpo di Bacco!*" returned Rossini.

"That may pass," remarked the archbishop, "Bacchus was only a pagan."

"*Per Dio!*" suggested Rossini, hesitatingly.

"Ah, *that* is more serious; it is forbidden to take the name of God in vain."

"*By the Madonna?*" continued the musician.

"Worse and worse!" cried the archbishop; "you really must try to give up *that*."

"Impossible!" said Rossini, "it is the very one of all the list that does me most good to use."

"In that case, then, I suppose I must tolerate it," said the amiable archbishop.

Since this conversation, the musician's mind appears to have been quite at ease on the score of his favorite interjections, to which he never fails to have recourse when his old enemy begins to torture him. Madame Rossini is as accomplished a practitioner of the rites of hospitality as her gifted husband, for whom she entertains an admiration approaching to idolatry; their home is one of the most agreeable in Paris, and the *entrée* of their salon is eagerly sought for by the most distinguished members of the aristocratic, political, and artistic circles of the capital. At the elegant *soiree* which has just inaugurated his musical parties for the coming season, Rossini produced four new compositions of his own; one of these, a grand *scena*, *I Catalani*, was sung by Mlle. Mainvielle, Rossini accompanying on the piano; a *Saltarello*, composed only a few days before, performed by Rossini on the piano; a *duo*, full of tenderness and sadness, called *A Tear*, executed on the piano and violincello; and a grand *fugue* for the piano. All these, equally admirable, and showing how fresh and rich is the magnificent genius that has so obstinately persisted in keeping silent for so many years, were received with enthusiasm by the auditors, and will doubtless be ere long in every hand.

A short time ago, a certain "medium" presented himself at Rossini's house, and informed him that a "spirit" was now ready to enter *en rapport* with him, sent by Saint Cecilia.

"And what does Saint Cecilia want with me?" inquired the composer, with great politeness.

"She wishes to inspire you with new operas, which will be still more magnificent than 'Moses in Egypt,' and 'William Tell,'" replied this announcer of celestial messengers.

"*Ma foi*, my dear sir," replied Rossini with the same quiet urbanity, "I don't mind confessing to you, between ourselves, that I am very well satisfied with my music, and that I do not aspire to compose anything better. Be so kind as to present my compliments and thanks to Saint Cecilia, and tell her I advise her to send her emissary to Meyerbeer!"

The city has just been divided into two rival camps, owing to an action for slander brought by the leading homœopathic practitioners here against the editors of a leading allopathic journal, which has lately been asserting that none but madmen or charlatans can follow the method of Hahnemann. The ablest legal talent was enlisted on both sides of the quarrel, and much learning and eloquence have been displayed by the pleaders of both parties. The plaintiffs have lost the day, the charge of slander brought against their allopathic opponents being disallowed by the court; but their lawyers did battle so gallantly, and so cuttingly exposed the abuses of a portion of the allopathic school, that the homœopaths have certainly gained a step in public opinion. These bitter and eager strifes of opinion, however, seem conclusively to prove one thing, too often lost sight of in both camps, viz.:—that where so great a divergence of opinion is possible between men who are equally talented, equally learned, and equally sincere, it is quite evident that the truth can be with neither party. Truth being self-evident, is necessarily accepted by the human mind as soon as seen; we cannot even imagine rational and honest people differing with regard to any point for which we have a data of exact, axiomatic truth. The proposition that two and two make four, was not only never contested, but we know that it never could be contested, by anybody of sound mind. When dogmatisers reply to the annunciation of this simple fact that all truth is not of the same nature, and that it is vain to hope for the same axiomatic evidence in other departments of inquiry, do they not simply "beg the question?" May we not fairly conclude that Truth, in all departments of thought, will be self-evident, recognized as *truth* as soon as seen? And would it not be much better if the world could learn to accept the fact of difference of opinion upon any subject as proof that the fundamental Truth of that subject has not yet been reached by us?

King Bomba is in a state of great jubilation over the approaching marriage of his son and heir with the Princess Maria of Bavaria. So delighted is his Majesty with the miniature portrait of his daughter-in-law elect, that he carries it about in his pocket and shows it to all whom he is fain to honor. He gives 90,000 ducats' worth of jewelry to the bride as a marriage present, to the infinite vexation of the Queen (a second wife, and only step-mother to the heir apparent), who thinks it far too much. An apartment in every royal palace in the kingdom has been embellished and assigned to the new pair, who will reach Caserta on Sunday next, and will there remain in private until after the anniversary of the death of the prince's mother, when the bride and bridegroom will come to Naples, and a series of balls, dinners, and other entertainments will be given in their honor.

Vesuvius is just now in a state of incandescence rarely equalled; but which, though affording a spectacle of the greatest possible brilliance, threatens to destroy the present cone, changing the shape of the mountain, and burying the modern towns that have grown up on the site of the ancient Herculaneum.

QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

Statistics disclose the unpleasant fact to travellers intending to cross the Atlantic, that there is one chance out of eight of their never living to see the other side. For the last four years about 100,000 persons have made the trip, all told. In that time three transatlantic steamers have been lost, with 1,200 lives. For the last 20 years the average loss of life is about one in a hundred.

Speaking of the Minie rifle, Mr. Kendall writes to the New Orleans Picayune from Texas that in one of Lindsay's recent scouts against the Navajos, one of the latter was killed at the distance of four hundred yards, and another wounded, with a shot from one of the famous Minnie rifles.

Connubial Bliss.—The wife of a Mr. Brooks, at Homer, N. Y., the other day, threw a knife violently at her husband, which put out one of his eyes. She said afterwards she would have given *five dollars* rather than have it happen.

A robust mother of three children, twenty-eight years old, and apparently in excellent health, at Minnetonka, Minnesota, professes to have lived for two years with no other nourishment than three cups of coffee per day.

The plan of serf emancipation for Poland consists in commuting their forced labor for a lease, at a reserved rent, revokable by either party. The land so let can never be re-purchased by the proprietor, nor by any one in trust for him.

The jailor of Wythe county, Va., has a hen which lays two eggs a day regularly, and one day in December laid three—one of which contained three yolks! "Some" hen that.

A communication from St. Petersburg states that, after a protracted struggle, that section of the general commission on the abolition of serfdom which advocated the most out-and-out measures, has obtained the victory over the other, and that, therefore, the report of the commission will be such as the Emperor desires.

There has just been discovered near Mount Athos, in Greece, a new manuscript, which dates as far back as the third century. It is on the subject of gymnastics, and is written by Philostratus, the philosopher, and the author of the Life of Appolonius of Tyana.

The cases of the crew of the slaver Ketch Brothers, charged with slave trading, was recently taken up in the District Court of Charleston, South Carolina. The Grand Jury ignored the bills.

A correspondent of the London Weekly Register states that it is confidently asserted by many Tractarians that Dr. Pusey has been married to Miss Sellen, better known as "Lydia ye Superior." The Weekly Register says that the statement has reached them from other sources.

The Florida Legislature has repealed the law providing for the incarceration of free negro sailors while their vessels are in port.

Taglioni is about to open a dancing school, give lessons at ten francs an hour to Paris ladies, and three francs for the same time to ballet girls. She is said to be poor, in spite of her palaces and her title as Countess, and is forced to return again to *pirouettes* for a livelihood.

Wool.—In Providence, Rhode Island, a few days since, 87,700 lbs. of fleece wool were sold for 37½a62½c. per lb., and 36,600 lbs. pulled at 35a55c.

A teacher at Newport has been fined $20 and costs, for inflicting excessive corporeal punishment on one of his pupils. A part of the evidence in the case was a pair of pantaloons, which the boy had on when punished. The pants—a new pair, made of stout woollen cloth, and lined—were cut through in fourteen different places, as clearly as if done with a knife. The punishment was inflicted with a cowhide. A man of such angry passions to be a teacher of youth!

The report that Senator Matt Ward, of Texas, is the same man who killed the schoolmaster Butler, of Kentucky, has proved of so much annoyance to the friends of the Senator as to cause the insertion in the Union of a card contradicting the report, and stating that the Senator is one of the most estimable men in Texas.

Mr. Lyon, in his recent lecture, mentioned that the Turks were remarkable for their filial piety. One, whom he had seen, took the death of his wife with great indifference, but tore his hair and would not be comforted when his mother died. When asked why this was, he said, "A man can have a thousand wives but only one mother."

A Jew D'Esprit.—When Rothschild was asked whether he would not like to become a temporal King of the Jews of Palestine, "Oh, no," said he, "I would rather be Jew of the Kings than King of the Jews."

Gen. Quitman attributed the cause of his decline, up to the last moment of his life, to poison, administered to him in the shape of arsenic while a resident of the National Hotel, Washington. He used to assert that it was mixed with the sugar, and substantiated this by the fact that during the entire term of the malady, which afterward assumed the name of the hotel, no person was taken ill who refrained from the use of that article.

Melancholy Catastrophe.—On the evening of the 5th inst., Mr. Lee, of Edgecomb, Maine, when returning from school with his children in a heavy snow storm, lost his way when near home, and called for help. His wife heard the cry, and went to meet them, but while attempting to return, she got separated from her husband and children, who reached home in safety. Mr. Lee then proceeded to search for his wife, but without success, and her body was found quite near the house next morning, frozen, lifeless, and partly covered with snow.

To Keep Ice from Windows.—The following recipe is said to be good, and is at least worth a trial:—"Take an ordinary paint brush or sponge, and rub over the glass once or twice a day a little alcohol; it will keep the glass as free from ice as in the middle of summer, and will give as good a polish as can be got in any other way."

Lord Macaulay has announced that he will confine himself in future to his closet as a historian, and take no further part in public life.

Game at the West.—One firm in Chicago contracted to send 100,000 pounds of quail and prairie chickens to the east this season, and has already exceeded the amount.

The Isthmus of Tehuantepec.—The lands of this isthmus are said to be exceedingly fertile, producing sugar, coffee, rice, tobacco, maize, oranges, lemons, bananas, and almost every other tropical fruit and vegetable, in advance, and only await the arrival of a new race of men, and a new order of things.

A Good Stock to Begin Business With.—Bela Squires, a widower, married Mary Cromar, a widow, a few days since, in Hartford, Conn. They commence their matrimonial engagement with 27 children.

According to Governor Morgan's message, there are in the State of New York eighty-eight railroads, built at a cost of $137,000,000, of which only fourteen pay dividends. The Governor thinks that as directors and managers seem unable to tell the reason why the owners of the other seventy-four get no returns from their investments, it may be productive of beneficial results to have a legislative inquiry into the subject.

The sad and wanton destruction of owls and other domestic birds, which has been frequently a subject of complaint in England, seems now to be equally complained of in France. A large landed proprietor in the department of the Seine, who laments the wholesale destruction of these birds, states that he has ascertained by many observations that a family of young tomtits devoured 45,000 caterpillars in twenty-one days, the time during which the birds were fed by their parents.

Miss Mary Brawley, of Hartford, Connecticut, won a gold bracelet, at a ball in that city, the other evening for waltzing without cessation for fifty-one minutes, having distanced all the other Terpsichorean competitors. Her partner, Mr. Gardiner E. Green, was presented at the same time with a silver cup.

Lola Montez's book on Beauty, which sold so well, turns out to be a sell all round—in other words it is a barefaced plagiarism from an old London book, which was reprinted in this city, as long ago as the year 1818!—*Exchange Paper.*

The good people of Grant county, Wisconsin, have repudiated their taxes, and refuse utterly to pay the State or county taxes for this year, "and may be, none hereafter." They deem the Legislature's appropriations extravagant and useless.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, they have large manufactories of old barrels to contain good old Madeira wine and brandies, that have made the circuit of the globe and land for many years, amid dust and cobwebs in some ancient cellar. The process is an extraordinary one. A new barrel, just from the cooper's hands, is hoisted up to the upper stories; in a few moments it is returned to the lower floor, with the unmistakable evidences of great age—all stained, dusty, the *veritable* marks of the French and Spanish custom-houses, and the imperial arms nearly worn off, and even the cobwebs drawn across the bung.—*New Orleans Delta.*

Hon. Henry Wilson has been re-elected United States Senator by the Massachusetts Legislature. Wilson 199 votes, Caleb Cushing 25.

The dentists of Indiana are about to form a State association. Their seal will be a molar, with the motto, "we pull together."

The Kansas party which owns Montgomery for leader, numbering about four hundred, are engaged in building a fort at Choteau's old trading post, and say they will fight the troops sent from Linn and Bourbon counties, Missouri, unless the compromise agreed to by Gov. Denver is complied with. The United States troops had been sent to that vicinity, and volunteers were being raised as rapidly as possible. Six hundred muskets passed through Jefferson City on Wednesday for Kansas.

Judson J. Hutchinson, one of the members of the well-known Hutchinson Family, recently put an end to his life by hanging, in Lynn. He has been insane at intervals for years past.

Madame Le Vert is about to publish a book entitled "Souvenirs of Distinguished Americans," embracing reminiscences of persons with whom the author has been acquainted.

"Old Dominion" Hospitality.—While a passenger train on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad was stopping at a station in Fauquier county, Va., Christmas week, a farmer from the neighborhood, stepped into the cars followed by one or two servants, who were carrying a large bucket of egg nogg, with waiter and glasses, and treated all on board to that delightful and fashionable holiday drink. All partook of his hospitality and thanked him kindly therefor.—*Norfolk and Portsmouth Herald.*

Serious Charges against a Clergyman.—The Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal, of the 10th inst., states that three clergymen of the M. E. Church have preferred charges of drunkenness, lewdness and attempting to bribe witnesses to silence, against the Rev. Dr. Daily, of that church, and President of the Indiana State University. The American, edited by a minister of that church, is even more specific in the charges, although heretofore it had defended the Rev. Doctor.

Preparation for New Year.—The women of Washington, Iowa, forewarned by the unpleasant experiences of Christmas, of the reckless frolicking to be expected of the men at New Year's, made timely preparation for that holiday on the previous Tuesday, by destroying all the liquor for sale in the town.

The Camels—Their Strength.—We visited Parson's wharf on Tuesday, to witness a feat of strength performed by one of Mrs. Watson's camels, of which there were near a dozen on the wharf, of all sizes and ages. The camel loaded was one of the largest. Upon the word of command being given, the camel lay down, ready to receive his load, which consisted of five bales of hay, weighing, in the aggregate, over 1,400 pounds, which was firmly bound to the pannier placed upon the animal's hump. Upon the utterance of command by the native keeper, the huge animal rose, without an apparent effort, to his feet, and walked off in a stately manner along the wharf and through the city. We were informed that the same camel had had 1,600 pounds placed on him, with which enormous weight he easily rose. The animals are all exceedingly tractable, and seem to possess much affection for any one who treats them kindly; as an example of which Mrs. W. informed us that one of them—a pretty white one, which she had petted—would always kiss her, when she went within kissing distance, which fact we really thought proved the animal to possess an excellent taste, as well as an affectionate disposition. In their native country the average load for a full grown camel is some 800 pounds, with which they will perform long journeys over deserts, with but little food or water. We doubt not that with the abundant forage found in all parts of Texas, and a full supply of water generally, the camel will improve in strength and general appearance, and be able to transport larger loads, at a more rapid pace, than in his native country.—*Galveston News, 30th ult.*

A Young Traveller.—A little girl, only ten years old, was stopping at the McLure House, who is quite a heroine in her way. Her name is Lizzy Kelley, and her parents live at Green Bay, Wisconsin. The whole, long cold and tiresome road, from Green Bay here, this little lady has travelled by herself, stopping when she chose, paying her own bills, and doing all in the most business-like manner, with an ease, grace, and self-possession that won the admiration of all who met her. She was bound for Prof. Pendleton's, at Bethany, which place she was very anxious to reach. She just took the heart of our friend Kirker, of the McLure, by the perfectly lady-like style in which she kept him travelling around attending to her prompt departure.—*Wheeling (Va.) Times.*

The Wages of African Coolies.—The French Government has provided that the terms of service of the 20,000 free Africans to be obtained on the coast of that continent, and transported to Guadaloupe and Martinique, shall be six years. They are to be bound to give 26 days work for every month, and their wages are to be ₵2,37 a month. Women are to receive ₵1,19 a month, and children from six to fourteen years of age, 59 cents a month. One-half of the wages is to be paid at the end of each month, and the other half at the end of each year. They may allow ten per cent. of the wages to remain with their masters if they choose, which shall entitle them to be returned home at the end of the six years' service, if they so desire.

RAINY DAYS.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

—*Longfellow.*

That may do for a poetical conception very well, but I wonder if Mr. Longfellow was ever shut up in a house with seven children, through the mortally long hours of a rainy day! I fancy it would give him more practical ideas upon the subject than he ever before cherished.

Of these said seven children, the three little girls are not much trouble, there being implanted in the feminine heart, from an early age, a vast amount of self-respect—sometimes called vanity—which acts as a kind of moral check rein in keeping the little one in order. But there are those three terribly active, energetic boys, to be amused and kept within rational bounds, and the baby, poor little unfortunate, who is expected to sleep through all the noisy day. No wonder mamma looks with dismay upon the bright little faces that surround the breakfast-table.

Ned—the very embodiment of mischief—is already making a proposition to his next younger brother,—a very little boy, with a very large head, and who is generally known in the family as "Fatty"—to play at "butcher" after breakfast, to which the deluded Fatty yields a ready consent.

As a pleasant commencement to this day of disorder, Charley, the little three-year old, tumbles down stairs whilst mamma is washing the breakfast things, and in so doing acquires a lump on his head that would puzzle a phrenologist, and which fairly casts the bump of caution into the shade. By a successive application of arnica, oil, lumps of sugar, and the story of The Three Bears, Charley is restored to good humor, and the mother of the family applies herself to the soul-cheering occupation of darning stockings; but the work is destined to interruption, for cries of distress are heard to issue from the bath-room, and upon investigation Fatty is found lying in the tub, (fortunately not full of water,) where the amateur butcher, Ned, has just left him tied hand and foot. The culprit is summoned to receive a severe reprimand from his indignant mother, whom he disarms at once by innocently explaining,

"Why, mamma, Fatty is my calf, and I had just killed him, and left him to bleed in the slaughter house, until I was ready to cut him up."

The scolding that was to be, ends in a laugh, and Ned proclaims his triumph in a series of gymnastic performances on the floor and over the sofa, in which he does everything but swallow himself, winding up with a back-handed somerset that overturns mamma's work-table, and creates universal havoc. The mother is too well accustomed to these little accidents to lose temper, but, on the contrary, is rather glad of it, as the picking up of spools, scissors, etc., will afford some occupation to her sadly restless boy. It is but temporary, however, and Ned goes off whistling "Pop Goes the Weasel" so loudly that baby is awakened thereby, and comes down to mamma, whilst nurse performs some household duty. What a never-ceasing fascination there is about the baby! Each child is clamorous for the sole and entire charge of him, and so he is hugged and kissed and pulled and jostled, until, good-natured baby as he is, he is driven to yelling in self-defence, and refuses to be comforted until a cake makes its appearance. This, of course, excites the hunger always lying latent in the childish stomach, and cakes become a universal panacea. The little girls, in order to prolong and enhance the enjoyment of eating, have a "party," and after having asked for and obtained a thousand little accompaniments to the cake, the *piece de resistance* of the feast, they get fairly under way. But now comes a messenger to complain of Charley's gormandizing propensities. He keeps asking for cake all the time, and you know, mamma, it isn't good for such little children, says his early ripe little sister, his senior by one year. Charley is finally managed by being granted a table and party all to himself, by his much-enduring mother. But meantime all these little frets and jars have so worked upon my old maid nervous system, that in order to preserve my temper, I put on a wet weather costume and start for a walk, thanking my stars that the management of seven children does not come within my range of duty.

The Susan's Crew.—The sailors of the filibuster schooner Susan deserted before the vessel got out of the bay; there were none but landsmen on board, except the captain—and it is traditional at sea, that it is not easy to convert a landsman into a sailor at short notice. The sea-dogs have phrases of their own, which are Greek to the others. To obviate this defect Capt. Maury resorted to a novel and ingenious expedient. Every man on board, we suppose, knew how to play cards, and the captain taking advantage of this skill, tied a card to each of the ropes of the vessel. The orders then ran somewhat in this fashion: "Haul on the ace of hearts!" "Let go the king of diamonds!" "Belay on the deuce of spades!" &c. By this means, the extemporized sailors soon got the hang of the ropes, and affairs went on pretty smoothly until the schooner got upon the rocks and was wrecked.

Cold Weather in California.—News by a late arrival says: There has been some very cold weather in the State. About ten days ago the snow was eighteen inches deep at Auburn, and two feet at Iowa Hill and Nevada. Sleighs were going in both places. In Nevada there was thick ice, and Mr. J. D. Havens has twenty eight men employed in cutting and putting up ice. The California Stage Company ran a sleigh between Nevada and Orleans Flat. In Placerville ice was formed six inches thick.

The weather in San Francisco during the fortnight has been colder than any experienced in that city for two years past. The frost congealed the water in the gutters to the thickness of half an inch, and the mercury on the 7th and 8th of December stood at 28 degrees at sunrise.

☞ The king is the least independent man in his dominions—the beggar the most so.—*Lacon.*

☞ If the man did not encourage coquettes so much, there would not be so many of them.

SIX LITTLE FEET ON THE FENDER.

In my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafters,
And reddened the roof's brown mould;
Gilding the steam from the kettle
That hummed on the hoot-worn hearth,
Throughout all the livelong evening
Its measures of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
That frescoed that rude old room—
Because of the voices echoed
Up mid the rafters' gloom—
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet—
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so fresh and sweet.

When then the first dash on the window
Told of the coming rain,
Oh! where are the fair young faces
That crowded against the pane?
What bits of firelight stealing
Their dimpled cheeks between
Went struggling out in the darkness
In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary
One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving him there by the way.
There was fresh clay on the fender
That weary, wintry night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From his grave on the gray hill's height.

Oh! why, on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone?
Oh! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love?

GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE."

I wonder if the readers of THE POST would like a column or two upon the state of "the arts," &c., in Japan? I have myself been so surprised at times by what I have both seen and heard that I will at any rate take such for granted and proceed accordingly. I will first take "the art of making cut-glass," and commence with the assertion that the cut-glass tumblers and decanters turned out of the factory of the Prince of Sata'ma are as perfect and beautiful specimens as any made in Europe or the United States. When this was told me by one of the Dutch gentlemen of Desima, (the reader must remember that we are anchored in the harbor of Nagasakie, Island of Kinsin. I received the information very cautiously, which he perceiving, left his seat and soon returned with a Bohemian-like cut-glass decanter in one hand, and a crystal-like tumbler in the other.

"Here," he said, "are two specimens that were presented to me by the Prince of Sats'ma himself. You must know that the province of Sata'ma is situated upon the Southern part of this island, that it is indented by a deep bay called Kagosima, and that a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants exists upon its shore! The name of that city is also Kagosima, and it is the capital of the province. 'Kago' means deer, and 'Sima' island—so we should call it Deer Island City. Now, when we brought out our small steamer of war from Holland, a year since, by order of this government, after they had paid us for her, they retained us, the officers, to teach them how to manage her. (It was the captain of said steamer who now spoke.) Of course, to teach them how to care for a steamer, we had to go to sea, and while going to sea, we thought we might as well visit Kagosima if possible. This being allowed, we steamed down the coast, with our pupils on board, and were soon anchored inside of a series of massive granite breakwaters, which had been built in front of the city, partly to secure a safe anchorage for junks and partly to answer as fortifications. The masonry of these breakwaters, and that of the embrasures for the numerous guns, was as smooth and solid as that of any European fortification. Upon landing, we were hospitably received by Sata'ma-no-Kami, (Kami—Prince, No—of, Sata'ma—Sata'ma: Prince of Satama,) who, by way of entertaining us, took us through his foundry, glass factory, &c., as well as over the entire city. Seeing our admiration and surprise at the quality of his glass-ware, he presented each of us with something. These two are what he gave *me*, and now to convince your friends at home, *you* must take one of them—this tumbler."

I objected strongly to this at first, then faintly, and finally (as is usual in such cases) accepted with a resigned air. I was really loth to deprive him of it, however, and so took care to forget it when we took our departure, but the next day it was sent on board after me, and the same night was introduced to a mixture of brandy and water with which "the mess" were celebrating "Saturday night" according to "usages of the sea service." The reader must know that from time out of mind seafaring persons have generally appropriated "Saturday night" to lobster salad and the following toast:—"Sweethearts, wives, and children dear;" why "sweethearts" are placed before "wives" it is hard to say, unless indeed it is because the majority of seamen are miserable bachelors.

After the Dutch captain had ended his remarks in regard to the glass factory of the Prince of Sats'ma, I said—

"But, captain, it is you Dutchmen who have taught them the art."

"Not at all!" he replied. "That is, they may have got it from us or the Catholic priests hundreds of years since, but it is no new thing among them now. Do not understand me to say, however, that such factories exist in other parts of the country—it is only of the province of Sats'ma that I can speak."

"Such wares *must* be made in small quantities and at considerable expense," I continued, "for wherever we go we always find the Japanese begging us for tumblers, decanters, bottles, &c."

"Yes! you are right. They are very expensive, and consequently as strange to the lower classes almost as other articles that are peculiarly foreign."'

So much for the art of making cut glass, and now for that of casting cannon, &c.

Foundries for this purpose are not uncommon in Japan. At Kagosima there is a very large one, where several hundred workmen are employed, and where both iron and brass guns are cast—the latter very perfectly. They have been until lately unacquainted with the process of "boring" however, and the "bore" has been consequently obtained by a smooth round post down the centre of the casting. Now, however, they bore as we do. They make their own powder for these guns, and apparently at small cost, for they use it very freely. Moreover, sulphur is very abundant throughout the empire. They also cast "11-inch shell," and make wooden fuzes, that answer every purpose. In addition to ordnance, they also manufacture fire-arms of various kinds. It sounds strange, perhaps, but it is nevertheless true, that "Sharp's rifles" and "Colt's revolvers" are now turned out of the work-shops of Japan in as equally formidable a condition as from those of England or America. They are not equal to ours so far as polish and finish are concerned, but will, I am convinced, shoot as far, and with equal certainty. They are free to acknowledge that these are all made from imported samples—probably after those presented by the United States through Commodore M. C. Perry.

The manufacture of porcelain and china is another of the mechanic arts in which these people have arrived at surpassing perfection. I feel confident that Japanese porcelain wares are more delicate and beautiful even than those of France, while the common china (which is itself but heavier porcelain) compares favorably with that of any other country. Then the difference in prices must be taken into consideration—this being cheaper even than that of China itself. One will very naturally ask, "of what use would this china be to us? Can you purchase a European dinner-set, for instance?"

I reply yes! though it would be necessary to furnish them a "muster" of each separate article, telling them how many of each you desired, and giving them a couple of weeks to make them. One *might* possibly pick out sets *now*, for the Dutch have furnished them musters (patterns) for some years past, but we have thought it better to give our orders now and get them when we return.

Silks, satins, crapes, etc, are also made here in great plenty, and at a small expense. They are cheaper than those of any other country, though inferior, as a general thing, in quality. They are all said to be made *by hand*, and when this is considered, the low price at which they are sold is indeed wonderful.

"Bronzes" are also made in great profusion about Nagasakie, and many of the specimens compare favorably with those of Europe. But it is their excessive cheapness which surprises the stranger, for you may purchase for $1.00 several pounds of it, the copper and tin of which it is composed being in themselves worth three or four times the money. This is mostly owing to the profuse abundance of the former metal throughout Japan, I suppose. I have now before me as I write, two elegant candlesticks of this bronze work, that would be ornamental to any centre table, but the singular manner in which the candles are fitted to them necessitates a change before they can be used with ours. The Japanese candles are made with a vertical hole in the bottom which slips upon a spike, instead of the whole end of the candle fitting into a socket as with us.

And now we come to the greatest of all the manufacturers of Japan—its beautiful lacquer ware. Any one who has ever seen the French ware that is now so widely known as "papier mache work," will be able to form a very fair idea of this—the sciantific Frenchman has partially succeeded in imitating the accidental (!) discovery of semi-civilization, but only partially:—The process which shields the latter from the effect of boiling water or vinegar is yet unknown to the European. It is a beautiful sight to walk through one of these bazaars and admire the profusion of gorgeous objects which are ranged around you on every hand. Every article of household furniture; what-not ornaments, writing-desks, work-boxes, walking canes, cigar-boxes, &c., &c., are there—all made of wood or copper covered with coat after coat of this singular lacquer, then inlaid with mother-of-pearl, coated with more lacquer, and finally rubbed and polished until the desired shades, objects, and polish are obtained. This is the way we are *told* it is made—I have never myself seen the process.

Beautiful lacquer ware, cannon, glass, &c., are not the only things to which the Japanese mechanics have devoted their attention. They once took some European drawings of a steam engine, built a side wheel steamer of thirty tons, put an engine into her made from these drawings, got up steam, and were discovered by the Dutch officers when they visited Kagosima steaming around the bay in fine style. Owing to their ignorance of the process of "turning" however, so much steam was lost through the "packing" of the cylinders, that half of her power was wasted. Mr. Hardes (the chief engineer of the Dutch-Japanese steamer) no sooner discovered the cause of their partial failure, than he told the Prince of Sata'ma that if he would have her sent around to his work-shop at this place, he would take the cylinders out, put them on a turning lathe, and remedy the evil. Of course the offer was accepted, and a few days since while passing through his foundry, I saw the work well underway—several officers and workmen of the Prince being present watching its progress with the greatest interest.

"Come here," said Mr. Hardes, as we passed slowly around the lathe, "come here, I want to introduce you to the smartest man among the Japanese. He is the head doctor to the Prince of Sata'ma, and is now here as usual, with his eyes open. Wherever there is anything to be learned you will find him, and as soon as he thinks he knows enough about it, away he goes in some other direction."

As he thus spoke, we approached the person in question, bowed, smiled, shook hands—and then being unable to understand each other, wisely refrained from indulging in any comments upon the weather.

"He doesn't *speak* a word of Dutch," said Mr. Hardes, "but he writes it as well as I do. Look here now how we shall converse together." And with his pencil and paper he asked,

"Why don't you shave your head, like all other Japanese physicians, Doctor?"

At which the doctor laughed heartily, and wrote,

"We are not so particular as to a foolish custom in Sata'ma—the Prince cares more for what is in the head, than for that which is out."

"Yes, that's the way all of these Sata'ma fellows talk," continued Hardes, "they are the most independent, and at the same time liberal people of Japan. So much so, in fact, that they would be punished by the Emperor in many cases, were they not protected by their master. It is a great mistake to suppose that all power in Japan is centered in the Emperor—such is far from the case. *The Princes of the Empire* are the persons who rule, and they are ever ready to help each other out of trouble. Theirs is also *the wealth of Japan*. They own all of the land comprising their respective provinces, and if the Emperor wants a site for any Government building, &c., he must purchase it like any one else. Simoda was the property of the Prince of Idzu, for instance, and when your Commodore Perry asked for it as a port of entry, it was bought by the Government. The same with the ground on which this foundry is built. Come, the doctor asks us to drink Sakie with him. Allons!"

So much for Nagasakie! And now (23rd of July, 1858,) we are getting up steam for the port of Simoda.

THE SNOW-STORM.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the North wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work,
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

LEGAL WITTICISMS.

There is nothing, we imagine, more refreshing in the close atmosphere of a crowded court of justice, and to the tired minds of its occupants, than the interruption of the monotony of some long, dull trial by a witticism from the witness-box. Dull faces brighten up; horse-hair wigs, sleepily reclined over the bar-table, are raised; the weary jurymen freshen up; and the great emblem of sovereignty, the judge himself, condescends to expand his solemn visage into a wintry smile. In such a case, the counsel sees in a moment that he has hit upon a little vein of wit, which he proceeds to burrow and mine in every direction, extracting therefrom that most precious material, amusement.

But a careful man must the counsel aforesaid be in these mining operations, for scarcely a more dangerous being exists than your witty witness. A man, when elevated with the applause which greets a good saying, may follow it up with something else, intensely amusing to himself, but which has the effect of disconcerting his own counsel, and of materially damaging, if not wholly destroying, his own chance of success.

The legitimate object of a witty remark from the witness-box, is generally conceded to be the *flooring* of the counsel who is conducting the inquiry—an operation which, we need scarcely say, requires peculiar skill and dexterity, and which is, of course, only advantageous during cross-examination.

Two of the best instances with which we can present the reader of this fact having been signally accomplished, occurred to two profound lawyers, both of whom now adorn the judicial bench.

At the Cambridge Spring Assizes, 1838, a person was accused of stealing a watch from the bedroom of Mr. George Paynter, at Wallingham, Cambridgeshire; and on the trial, the following little conversation took place during the cross-examination of the prosecutor.

Counsel.—"Where do you live?"

Witness.—"At Wallingham; but I am not a Wallingham man."

"What are you?"

"An engineer. I was apprenticed to Henry Maudesley, partner to Sir Isambert Brunel, of Thames Tunnel notoriety."

"Well, what else are you?"

"Why, I am a gunsmith, locksmith, and bell hanger, iron arm and lathe maker; edge-tool maker; watch and clock maker and repairer; mathematical instrument maker; weighing-machine, scale and steelyard maker; knife-maker and grinder; publican and licensed victualler; and an old man-of-war's-man, and was engaged in the glorious action between the Shannon and the Chesapeake."

"Are you not a conjuror as well?"

"Oh, yes, that I am; and if you are willing, I will show you one or two of my tricks."

"What can you do?"

"Well, if you will allow me, and not consider I am insulting, I will tell you."

"Oh, certainly; go on."

"Then, if you will just take off your wig, and get the gentleman next you to grease your head, I will swallow you whole, and then you will be no more trouble to yourself, nor to any one else!"

"You may stand down, sir."

The other incident we alluded to is of more recent date (1856), and, rather singularly, the witness was a clergyman.

Scene, a crowded court; *trial*, an action on the warranty of a horse, commonly called a *horse cause*. Witness, a clergyman, who has sworn in his examination in chief that in his opinion the horse was sound.

Counsel.—Well, *you* don't know anything about horses? You're a parson you know.

Witness.—I have a good deal of knowledge respecting horses.

Counsel.—You think you have, I dare say, but we may think otherwise. I wonder, now, whether you know the difference between a horse and a cow.

Witness.—Yes, I dare say I do.

Counsel.—Now, then, sir, tell the jury the difference between a horse and a cow.

Witness.—Gentlemen, one great difference between these two animals is, that one has horns and the other has not—much the same difference, gentlemen, that exists between a *bull* and a *bully* (turning to counsel.)

(Roars of laughter, judge joining.)

Counsel (very angrily).—I dare say you thought that very funny, sir?

Witness.—Well, I don't think it was bad, and several of the audience seem to be of the same opinion.

Counsel.—Very likely, but perhaps you have before now heard the remark that "one fool makes many."

Witness.—I hope, sir, you don't intend to include *his lordship* in that flattering remark.

Judge to Counsel.—Go on, sir, in a proper manner with your examination. I am surprised at you.

Of course the counsel sat down, and the witness left the court with the happiness of having completely discomfited the opposite side, and escaped, perhaps, a rigid cross-examination.

We remember another nice little reply made by a witness, a chemist, called to prove the badness of the gas supplied by a certain gas company. One of his statements was, that the ceilings in his house were so disfigured that he had to have them whitewashed.

Counsel.—Well, sir, and was anything whitewashed beside your ceiling?

Witness.—Yes, sir, *two of the Directors of your Company* were.

Germane to the facetiæ of witnesses themselves are laughable remarks made by judges and counsel, upon innocent answers and no less innocent questions. At such witty replies, perhaps the greatest adept was the late excellent judge, Mr. Baron Alderson. Very seldom, indeed, did any trial of slight or of grave importance take place before him, in which the audience was not convulsed with laughter at some extraordinary remark emanating from the judge. We do not for a moment attempt to defend the learned baron from the charges which have perhaps very properly been brought forward against him of doing away with that dignity which is so great an ornament to the bench; but we consider that the jokes having been made, and being some of them pretty good, we are doing no harm in retailing them.

A prisoner was once tried before the baron for stealing a saw, and in his defence urged that he only took it *in jake*.

"And pray, prisoner, how far might you carry it from the prosecutor's house?" asked the judge.

"Perhaps two miles, my lord."

"Ah, that was carrying a joke a good deal too far; so the sentence of the court upon you is," &c.

Another time we recollect a jurymen begging to be excused from attendance, on the ground of deafness.

"Why, you can hear me speak," said his landlord.

"That's true enough, my lord; but I have to turn my head round very awkwardly, for I am quite deaf with one ear."

"Oh, then, certainly, sir, you are excused," replied the baron with mock solemnity, "a juryman ought undoubtedly to hear *both sides*.

The judge we are speaking of had, in general, a very profound dislike to scientific witnesses, especially of the medical profession, called upon to give an opinion upon the evidence they had heard in court; and he rarely failed in proposing some curious question to them, which eventually proved a floorer. At one time he took up the assertion of an eminent medical practitioner, that "in *all* cases of death by violent means, a post-mortem examination would throw light upon the actual cause of the decease."

"And pray, sir," asked the judge, "if I were discovered lying on the highway with my head severed from my body, what particular light would a post-mortem examination throw upon the cause of my death?"

At the end of a very long examination of another celebrated medical man, who had been called upon to establish the incompetency of a deceased testator to make a will, the witness unfortunately said that he believed "*all* persons were subject to temporary fits of insanity."

"And when they are in them," asked the judge, "are they aware of their state?"

"Certainly not, my lord," was the reply; "they believe all they do and say, even if nonsensical, to be perfectly right and proper."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Alderson, "then here have I taken no less than thirteen pages of notes of your evidence, and, after all, you may be in a fit of temporary insanity, talking nonsense, and believing it to be true!"

Next in order to Baron Alderson, as a "judicial joker," we must place the late Honorable Mr. Justice Maule, whose *bon mots* indeed generally exceeded in wit and pungency those of the learned baron, although every attempt at a repetition of them on paper must necessarily be most imperfect, owing to the absence of the extraordinary tone and gesticulation with which they were ever wont to be accompanied.

"Where do you live?" asked a counsel of a policeman in plain clothes.

"I, sir? I am in the *hens'* (*N* division.")

"Very good; then I'll put on my notes that you reside *in the poultry!*" quietly remarked the judge.

Of course, such a joke as this was far too subtle to be appreciated by half the people in court; and indeed the general inconvenience met with in this learned judge's remarks was, that they were rather above the comprehension of ordinary minds, and did not always accomplish the object for which they were especially intended. Such was the effect in his witty summing up of a certain Wiltshire case. A prisoner was indicted for cutting and wounding the prosecutor, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm; and other counts in the indictment varied the intents, bringing the offence at last to one of *unlawful wounding* only, the punishment for which is vastly less than for the graver crime. A most murderous assault having been clearly proved, the prisoner's counsel contented himself with arguing that no *malice* had been proved to exist in the prisoner's mind, and that the offence of "unlawful wounding" was the only one of which he could be convicted. The learned judge, in summing up, said:—"Gentlemen of the jury, the *facts* are undisputed; the *law* laid down by the learned counsel is quite correct. If, therefore, you think that the prisoner ripped up the prosecutor's abdomen, allowing his bowels to fall through the wound, without any intention of doing him grievous bodily harm, but merely by way of slightly annoying him, you will find him guilty of unlawful wounding." The jury, wholly unperceiving the irony conveyed in this charge, acted upon what they considered to be the advice of counsel and judge, and acquitted the prisoner of the graver offence!

We may here mention incidentally Justice Maule's dislike at all times to clear the court of females when cases of an indelicate nature were being tried. "Women had no occasion whatever to be in court," he would say; "and if they came there, he was not going to bother himself about sending them out!" Notwithstanding this seeming indifference, however, he at all times took very good care, by some direct or indirect remark, to let them know how much he disliked their attendance, at a time when modesty should have led them elsewhere.

"I am very sorry," we once heard him say to a young female, who hesitated much in giving some very unpleasant evidence—"I am very sorry to have to enforce such an examination as this; it must of course be painful to any decent person, but the ends of justice require it; and not only so, but all the well-dressed females you see on either side of me, have come a long way to hear that which pains you so much to utter."

We need hardly say the bench was clear in a very few moments.

On another occasion, he said, to a policeman who disliked repeating some very disgusting conversation: "Go on, go on, my good man, you need not mind *me*, and these ladies enjoy it!"

On a third occasion, during the progress of a trial of a very peculiar nature, an officer, noticing several ladies in court, and being ignorant of the learned baron's peculiarity, exclaimed: "All females must be good enough to leave the court."

"All *decent* females have left long ago!" exclaimed the judge.

Satire was, indeed, the distinguishing element in all the jocular remarks of Justice Maule, and the lashes from such a whip were by no means easy to bear.

To a young attorney's clerk, who, at his lordship's chambers, politely intimated that he thought the judge had no power to make a particular order, he said: "Oh, pray don't trouble yourself to talk about *my power*—that you know nothing about; if you don't like the order, and think it would relieve your mind to do so, go outside and call me a fool; but don't do it in here, or else I must have the unpleasantness of committing you."

Another excellent remark has been so often repeated that we almost fear to "dish it up" again. "Maule," said a somewhat vain, although profoundly learned judge, speaking to our witty friend as he was quietly taking his lunch of bread and cheese in the judges' private room—"Maule, why do you drink beer?"

"To bring my mind down to a level with the other judges," was the immediate reply.

We remember being one day in the Court of Common Pleas, where an intricate point relative to the true construction of a plea was being debated, when, after "bottling up" his indignation for some time, the judge we are speaking of thus delivered himself:

"It is the pleaders' own fault, that we have in court one half the litigation that exists. Why, in this very plea, there is a sentence wholly intelligible, owing to the presence of three very unwarrantable words—the plaintiff is said to have done certain acts 'behind the defendant's back.' Now, what *is* meant by this sentence? Of course you will say it means 'without his knowledge,' but this is a most fallacious answer. If a 9-pounder gun were fired behind the back of the special pleader who drew this plea, would *that* be without his knowledge, I wonder! *I* should say not. I never like these fanciful terms in serious matters; I am pestered with them at chambers. Why, only the other day, I had to read an affidavit in which the deponent swore that 'she was so frightened, she could have crept into a nut-shell;' my only wonder is she didn't follow it up with the assertion, that she 'verily believed she should have done so, had a nut-shell been there to receive her.'"

The only other anecdote we have room for is connected with a trial for a very serious offence, in which the prisoner, after conviction, being called upon in the usual manner before judgment was passed, answered: "May Heaven strike me dead, my lord, if I know anything about it." There was perfect silence in court for nearly a minute, every one looking at the judge, and wondering what was to come next. At last came this startling address: "Prisoner at the bar, Providence not thinking fit to interfere in your case, the sentence of the court upon you is, that you be transported beyond the seas for the period of fifteen years."

☞ There is scarcely a man who does not inveigh against the scandal of women, but they all of them listen to it.

THE USE OF PROLIXITY.—The following anecdote of Sir Albert Pell is worth giving, and may perhaps apply to some verbose practitioners at the present day:

"Sir Albert Pell was an instance of a successful advocate who never 'trod the primrose paths' of flowery speech. He was famous for violating every rule of grammar and pronunciation whenever he opened his mouth.—Verbose and prolix, he yet succeeded in getting verdicts, and his secret may be learnt from this anecdote: A gentleman, who happened to be in the room with him the day after he had been engaged in an important cause in the neighborhood, made some slight allusion to the tautologous speech which the learned counsel had delivered. Pell immediately acknowledged the justice of the censure. 'I certainly was confoundedly long,' he said, 'but did you observe the foreman, a heavy-looking fellow in a yellow waistcoat? No more than one idea could ever stay in his thick head at a time, and I resolved that mine should be that one; so I hammered on till I saw by his eyes that he had got it. Do you think I cared a blame what you young critics might say?' Lord Brougham used to say of Pell's style of speaking, 'that if it were not *eloquence* it was *pelloquence*, and deserved to have a chapter in books of rhetoric to itself.'"

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.—The following remarkable anecdote is extracted from "An Essay on the Science of Acting:"

"In the town of North Walsham, Norfolk, 1788, the 'Fair Penitent' was performed. In the last act, where Calista lays her hand on the skull, a Mrs. Berry, who played the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering, and fell on the stage; during the night her illness continued, but the following day, when sufficiently recovered to converse, she sent to the stage-keeper and anxiously inquired whence he procured the skull. He replied, from the sexton, who informed him 'It was the skull of one Norris, a player, who, twelve years before, was buried in the churchyard.' That same Norris was her first husband. She died in six weeks."

Useful Receipts.

HAIR WASH FOR DANDRUFF.—A correspondent, writing to us, requests a recipe for "preparing bear's grease," to prevent his hair falling out, and to free his head from dandruff.—We are not acquainted with any preparation of bear's grease which is capable of effecting such important results. If there is any virtue in bear's grease to accomplish such objects, we think the genuine article must be superior to any chemical preparation of it, and the only way to obtain it pure, to a certainty, is to nab Bruin and make sure of his pork.

We give, as follows, however, a very good recipe for making a hair wash which will remove dandruff and keep the scalp clean and soft, so as to prevent the hair from falling out: Take one pint of alcohol, and a tablespoonful of castor oil, mix them together in a bottle by shaking them well for a few minutes, then scent them with a few drops of oil of lavender. Alcohol dissolves castor oil, like gum camphor, leaving the liquid or wash quite clear. It does not seem to dissolve any other unctuous oil so perfectly, hence no other is equally good for this purpose.—*Scientific American.*

TANNING DEER SKINS.—The method usually practised in preparing deer skins for market is as follows:—The skins are placed in a barrel of water, with enough ashes to make a weak ley. They remain there until the hair comes off easily with a graining knife, and they are then grained. They are then hung up to dry until hard and flinty, and then they are soaked in rain water with a little soft soap; the water being about blood warm. To dry them, wringing is resorted to, and after this process, the wrinkles are pulled out by the hand. They should be next smoked with rotten wood or sawdust, in a long trench for a day or so, the skins being placed loosely in a box or barrel, and again washed in rain water. This process is repeated two or three times, and a very well tanned skin is the result.

ESCAPE FROM BEDROOMS IN CASE OF FIRE.—"A Subscriber Five Stories High" asks:—"What is the easiest and safest mode of escape out of bedroom windows (situated a considerable distance from the ground) in case of fire, there being no other outlet, and neither fire-escape or ladder to be obtained?" Tear a pair of strong sheets into strips a foot wide, tie them strongly together, and make another knot in the middle of each strip. Then fix one end to some firm support, and throw the line out of the window. Ascertain if it reaches the ground and then lower yourself from knot to knot, which will prevent the sheet slipping through the fingers. Of course, if the person desiring to escape is above the average in weight, the strips must be wider in proportion. A pair of sheets will serve for a 50 or 60 feet fall.—*London Field.*

TO KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY IN WET WEATHER.—Guns are, or rather powder is, wetted by capillary attraction; cut off, then, the capillary attraction without impeding the passage of fire from the cap to the chamber, and the thing is done. To accomplish this, take a fine pointed peg of dry deal and push it into the nipple as far as you can; cut it off close, and should you wish to make assurance doubly sure, touch the top of the nipple with grease—this, however, is not necessary; capillary attraction is now effectually destroyed. The explosion of the cap will infallibly drive the peg into the gun, and discharge is certain. I have fired a carbine loaded in this way that had been left for an hour in a bucket of water.—*London Field.*

DELICIOUS DRESSING FOR ROAST FOWLS.—Spread pieces of stale but tender wheaten bread liberally with butter, and season rather highly with salt and pepper, working them into the butter a little; then dip the bread in wine, and use it in as large pieces as is convenient to stuff the bird. The delicious flavor which the wine gives is very penetrating, and it gives the fowls a rich, gamey character which is very pleasant. We recommend this dressing, and testify to our personal high appreciation of its delicacy.—*Homestead.*

"THE ROCK"
IN THE VALLEY OF EL GHOR.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Dead Petra in her hill tomb sleeps,
Her stones of emptiness remain;
Around her sculptured mystery sweeps
The lonely waste of Edom's plain.

From the doomed dwellers in the cleft
The bow of vengeance turned not back;
Of all her myriads none are left
Along the Wady Mousa's track.

Clear in the hot Arabian day
Her arches spring, her statues climb;
Unchanged, the graven wonders pay
No tribute to the spoiler, Time!

Unchanged the awful lithograph
Of power and glory undertrod,
Of nations scattered like the chaff
Blown from the threshing floor of God.

Yet shall the thoughtful stranger turn
From Petra's gates, with deeper awe
To mark afar the burial urn
Of Aaron on the cliffs of Hor.

And where upon its ancient guard
The Rock, El Ghor, is standing yet,
Looks from its turrets desert-ward,
And keeps the watch that God has set.

The same as when in thunders loud
It heard the voice of God to man;
As when it saw in fire and cloud
The angels walk in Israel's van!

Or when from Ezion-Geber's way
It saw the long procession file,
And heard the Hebrew timbrels play
The music of the lordly Nile.

Or saw the tabernacle pause,
Cloud bound, by Kadesh Barnea's wells,
While Moses graved the sacred laws,
And Aaron swung his golden bells.

Rock of the desert, prophet-sung!
How grew its shadowing pile, at length,
A symbol, in the Hebrew tongue,
Of God's eternal love and strength.

On lip of bard and scroll of seer,
From age to age went down the name,
Until the Shiloh's promised year,
And Christ, the Rock of Ages, came!

The path of life we walk to-day
Is strange as that the Hebrews trod;
We need the shadowing rock as they,
We need, like them, the guides of God.

God send His angels Cloud and Fire
To lead us o'er the desert land!
God give our hearts their long desire,
His shadow in a weary land!

—*National Era.*

THE ROCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THREE KINDS OF FOLLY," &c.

A stately mansion, resting on a gentle eminence, and reposing amidst its extensive and beautiful grounds, was that of The Rock. Whence it took its name, suggestive of bleak cliffs and barren heights, none, now living, could tell; certainly no rocks or bleak barrenness were near it, but sunshiny dales, and sheltering woods, and silvery brooks of water that murmured as they ran—giving, to an imaginative mind, thoughts of the flowery plains of Arcadia.

The family inhabiting the Rock were named Canterbury. Mr. Canterbury, a man turned sixty, had lost his wife several years before, and, more recently, his only son. He had four daughters; three lived at home with him, and one, who had been married and was now a widow, had just come on a visit. Mr. Canterbury was a very rich man. His father had realized an immense deal of money, chiefly in mining speculations, so that he came into his fortune ready made. The Rock was his own purchase.

In a room which commanded a view of the fine landscape before the house, were gathered, one day, all the daughters of Mr. Canterbury. It was their favorite sitting-room. The two elder ones, Olive and Jane, were turned thirty; the next, Mrs. Dunn, was approaching it; and the fourth, Millicent, was considerably younger, being only in her twentieth year. She was frequently called "Leta," from having when a child, before she could speak plain, so pronounced her own name, Millicent. Staid, steady, well-conducted ladies, the Miss Canterburys were looked up to, and respected, by all around.

Olive and Jane were busy: the one cutting out work for the charity-school, the other tacking it together; Mrs. Dunn was leaning back in an easy-chair, doing nothing; and Millicent, who had been practising, rose from the piano, and going to the writing-table, opened one of the desks there—her own.

"Olive," said she, "may I write to ask Caroline Kage to come and spend the day?"

Miss Canterbury was puzzled over her work, just then, counting pieces. Thirteen years difference between them, Millicent had looked upon and obeyed her as a mother. Miss Canterbury had long taken the head of the house, and acted as its mistress.

"This is wrong, Jane. Nine pairs of sleeves, and only eight pairs of gussets: you must have miscounted. What was it you asked me, Leta?"

"*If* I may send for Caroline Kage."

"Caroline Kage is always here," interrupted Mrs. Dunn. "She was here to tea yesterday, and to luncheon the day before; and for the whole morning, with her mother, the day before that. You had better have her to live here, Millicent."

"Millicent would, if she had what she liked," returned Olive.

"I am sure she is very pleasant, and we all like her," cried Millicent, looking towards her eldest sister.

"A pretty, good-natured sort of girl," somewhat slightingly spoke Miss Canterbury in reply.

"If she were one of earth's young lady angels, her constant intrusion would grow irksome in time," returned Mrs. Dunn. "The Chinese have a proverb, 'pay your visits only on alternate days, lest you weary your friends and they become estranged from you.' It is full of wisdom."

Jane Canterbury lifted her scissors from the calico, and turned round to address Mrs. Dunn.

"The fact is, Lydia, they have grown thus intimate from Leta's want of other companions. The Kages are our nearest neighbors, you know, and she and Caroline have been so much together that an affection has sprung up between them."

Mrs. Dunn laughed.

"Ever the same, Jane; smoothing down difficulties for everybody. But I do think it is time you left off that unmeaning word, 'Leta;' I assure you it does not contribute to Millicent's dignity."

"I don't think it does," smiled Jane. "But it is a long-used habit, like the coming here of Caroline Kage; and every-day habits are hard to relinquish."

"May I write, Olive?" resumed Millicent, who had sat with her pen in hand and paper before her.

Mrs. Dunn made a gesture of impatience, and her words, for she spoke before Olive could, were impatiently uttered.

"Caroline Kage is better where she is than here. Let her be."

"Yes, *yes*," decided Olive, detecting that Mrs. Dunn, who in her position, as a married woman, was especially deferred to, had really an objection to the young lady's visit; "we will not have her to-day, Millicent."

Millicent slowly closed her writing-desk, and then leaned her elbow upon it and her cheek upon her hand, her face plainly expressing disappointment. At that moment, the door opened, and Mr. Canterbury entered the room. He was a tall, thin man, with auburn hair (looking as natural almost as if it were real, but looking too young for his crow's feet,) and an eye-glass dangling on his waistcoat. He had been a handsome man in his day, and his features were good still; Jane and Millicent were like him.

"How is your head now, Lydia?" inquired he.

"It aches still, papa. I have had it a good deal lately. I think these hot caps help to give it me," she added, pushing her widow's cap back on her head.

"You look as if you had the headache also, Millicent," observed Mr. Canterbury. "What is the matter?"

"Not much, papa," replied Millicent, rousing herself and rising from her seat. "I only felt disappointed."

"Disappointed at what?" returned Mr. Canterbury.

"I wanted to send for Caroline Kage, and Olive will not let me."

"Caroline Kage is here for ever; she inundates us," sharply interrupted Mrs. Dunn. "Not a day since I have been at home have we been free from her. I tell Millicent she had better have her to live here at once."

There was a pause; Mr. Canterbury broke it—

"Why do you dislike her, Lydia?"

"Oh, I don't dislike her, papa," returned Mrs. Dunn, suppressing her irritation badly, "but I consider that she is here too much."

"Here is Caroline herself, coming up to the house," exclaimed Millicent, who had gone to the window.

"Then, as she is here, you can ask her to remain for the day," observed Mr. Canterbury, looking at Olive. "Why not? I do not like to see Millicent with a clouded face," he concluded, as if explaining his decision.

He left the room, and they heard him meet Miss Kage in the hall and talk to her.

She came in alone. A remarkably pretty girl of eighteen, in a pink muslin dress, and a white bonnet as pretty as herself.

"You have come to save us the trouble of sending for you, Caroline," spoke Millicent, in the exuberance of her spirits. "We want you to remain the day."

"I cannot remain ten minutes," replied Miss Kage. "Many thanks. My cousin arrived this morning, to leave again to-night; and his visits are not so frequent that I could absent myself just the day he is here."

"Oh, I am so sorry," returned Millicent, much vexed. "Ten minutes, Cary! where was the use of your coming at all?"

"I came for mamma. She has had one of those tiresome letters again, and sent me with it to Mr. Canterbury. I have given it to him."

"Caroline," said Jane, archly, "I fancy that cousin of yours has some other motive than cousinship in his visits, rare though they are."

Miss Kage tossed her head; she had caught aptly at Jane's meaning. "Certainly not. He is as grave as a judge, and as poor as a church mouse. You are quite wrong."

A vivid blush had risen to her cheeks, which might seem to contradict her denial, and to hint that Jane Canterbury was not wrong. Jane of course did not pursue the subject, and Miss Kage left the house again.

"What brought her up with that letter?" abruptly asked Mrs. Dunn.

They were all surprised at the words and tone. Jane answered,

"You heard her say Mrs. Kage sent it, Lydia. Poor Mrs. Kage has had some troublesome law business to contend with lately, and papa often advises her upon it. How lovely Caroline was looking!"

"And how well she does dress!" remarked Olive. "Those lace sleeves were real Brussels. I wonder how they manage it."

"I mean, what brought *her* up with it?" returned Mrs. Dunn. "Why could they not have sent it by a servant?"

"I dare say Caroline was glad to bring it herself, and take advantage of the fine morning. What has put you out, Lydia?"

Mrs. Dunn did not say. She took up a book and began to read. But she seemed to grow restless; now turning the leaves forward, now back; finally, she laid it down again, and approached the window. But ere she had stood there many moments, she turned away with a hasty movement, and opened the door of an ornamental cabinet.

"Where's the glass that used to be kept here?"

"The small telescope, do you mean? Poor Edgar took it out with him."

"The large one, then?"

"Oh, that's—I don't know where that is," added Miss Canterbury, more slowly. "Somewhere in papa's possession, I fancy."

"The house seems quite upset since I left it; nothing to be found," muttered Mrs. Dunn, taking up her post at the window again.

"Did you want to discern anything?" asked Jane, kindly leaving her seat to join Mrs. Dunn. "Perhaps I can see it for you; my sight was always so much better than yours."

"Look at those two in the distance, leaning—as it seems to me—on a stile, and talking. Is not one of them papa?"

"Yes," said Jane, casting her good sight to the spot. "Papa, and—yes, and Caroline Kage. He has gone after her, I dare say, to send a message to her mother."

"And to invite her for to-morrow, perhaps," added Olive.

"Oh, I do hope he has!" uttered Millicent. "Kind papa!"

"You blind geese! you simple women!" exclaimed Mrs. Dunn, in an accent of such impassioned earnestness that they all dropped what they held, and gazed at her in startled alarm. "Is it possible that your eyes and understanding have been closed!" she continued, flinging herself back in the arm-chair. "Olive, where have yours been? Jane is meek and unsuspicious; Millicent is young; but you! Olive, are you quite blind, quite oblivious to what is going on?"

"What *is* going on?" demanded Olive, when her astonishment allowed her to speak. "I look carefully after the servants and the ways of the household; what is it that you detect amiss?"

"More closely than you will look in future; more closely than you will have the opportunity of doing. You will not be long the house's mistress."

Miss Canterbury did not reply; the words were so strange that she could not collect her senses to do it. Jane and Millicent thought that Lydia's intellects must be wandering.

"Olive is well," observed Jane. "Did you fear she was ill; that—that—she was going to die? She is looking a little pale, but that she always does, in summer. She is quite well."

"Oh you—you—simpletons!" returned Mrs. Dunn, wringing her hands; "was there ever blindness like unto yours? It is not Olive that there's anything the matter with, but your father. He is turning foolish in his old age. He is going to put a mistress over you."

There were, indeed, blindly unsuspicious. "A mistress?" slowly repeated Miss Canterbury, not yet understanding.

"Yes, a mistress; for the house and for you. A second wife."

Even Jane's face, generally so calm, was painfully agitated. Olive was scarlet and indignant; she did not believe it.

"Of whom can you be thinking, Lydia?" she reproachfully said, casting her thoughts round the neighborhood. "Of Mrs. Kage?"

"No. I wish it was; it would be the less evil of the two. It is Caroline."

"Oh, Lydia!" was uttered by all, in resentful incredulity.

Mrs. Dunn rose from her seat again; she seized Olive with one hand, Jane with the other, and pulled them towards the window.

"Are they gone? No; not yet. I can see the figures, indistinct figures to me; to Jane they are plain; perhaps to you also, Olive. They are talking still."

"And if they are," said the angry Olive, "what does that prove? If papa chooses to stand talking to a child, and to talk all day long, what is there in that?"

"Not much—in that alone; he might so stand talking to me or to you. You have no cause to be angry with me, Olive; you will find it too true. I had my suspicions the very first day of my return."

The idea presented to the young ladies was exceedingly unpalatable and unpleasant; and in spite of their hitherto complete unconsciousness, an uncomfortable feeling of doubt arose within them.

"A child like Caroline Kage!" remonstrated Miss Canterbury, determined to combat to the end.

"There's the worst of the evil—a child," said Mrs. Dunn. "Had he married one of his own age, or near to it, it would not have been so bad for us, it would have been more seemly in every way. Though what on earth he can want to marry at all for, after being a widower all these years, I cannot tell."

Jane's eyes were full of tears.

"It is not likely that it can be true, Lydia; it is not probable. How can you have formed such an idea?"

"Just as you might have formed it, had scales not been before your sight. The most extraordinary events take place under people's noses every day, and they cannot see them. This was your case. I came fresh into the house, with my eyes and understanding wide awake, and I saw it all."

"Saw what? What is there to see?" persisted Miss Canterbury.

"Various little points, which, taken together, make an ominous whole," replied Mrs. Dunn. "On my arrival, when papa came out to the carriage, I was so struck with his appearance that I could not greet him. Where do you find so negligent a dresser as he used to be? Yet he wore a white waistcoat, his white wristbands displayed, and an eye-glass. When did he ever put on a white waistcoat for us? or display the ghost of a wristband? or discard his spectacles for an eye-glass?"

"I think he took to showing his wristbands when he was in mourning for Edgar," interposed Jane.

"I don't care when he took to showing them; it is a new thing; everything's new about him, and it must have a purpose," argued Mrs. Dunn. "And his wig; was there ever such a dandified thing seen?"

"The top of his head was getting bald; that is why he had it made."

"Then turn to Caroline Kage," continued Mrs. Dunn. "Do you suppose she comes here, so persistently, for you girls!—dresses up her pretty face for you? Why does papa stand by when she is singing? Why does he laugh, and joke, and whisper—I have seen him whisper to her—and why does he walk home with her?"

"But I thought he only paid her these attentions as he might pay them to his own child, to Millicent," pleaded Olive; "it never occurred to me to think otherwise."

"Well, does it occur to you now? now that the clue has been given to you?"

Miss Canterbury did not answer. The clue, as Mrs. Dunn called it, was forcing its way, in a terrible manner, to conviction. Jane felt wretched, and Millicent sat with a blank face of distress.

"And you have helped it all on, by encouraging her here!" pursued Mrs. Dunn, with the air of one who has received a deep injury. "I say that you must have been unpardonably obtuse, wilfully blind; while the first time I saw them together was enough for me."

"You have had so much more experience in the world than we have," urged Jane, deprecatingly. "And I think, Lydia, that being married must tend to open the understanding, and give experience."

"It just does—as to the tricks and turns of men," retorted Mrs. Dunn. "As long as we are girls at home, they seem to us like so many saints, who could not go wrong if they were paid for it; but that wears off for us uncommonly quick, I can tell you, when we go out among them."

"Here's papa coming back again," cried Jane.

They rushed to the window, one and all, to gaze upon him, as he advanced up the park. He presented to them a new and curious aspect; not but what *he* looked the same, but their ideas, with regard to him, were changed.

"I trust you are mistaken, Lydia," fervently exclaimed Olive, drawing a long breath.

"So much the better if I am; but do you prepare for the worst!" was the consolatory rejoinder of Mrs. Dunn.

How long Mr. Canterbury and Miss Kage might have lingered by the gate, where they had halted to converse, it is hard to say, but the young lady's cousin came up and interrupted them. Miss Kage then said good-morning to Mr. Canterbury, and walked away with him. He had no beauty to boast of, but a sensible coat of countenance and pleasing eye.

"Why did you not tell me you were going to the Rock, Caroline?" he began. "I would have walked with you."

"That's just why I did not tell you," replied Miss Kage. "I wanted to go alone."

"Will you take my arm?"

"No, thank you. It's not the fashion in this part of the world."

"It was, the last time I was down here. And I think you were, but now, leaning on Mr. Canterbury's."

"But he is so very close a friend."

"And I am your cousin."

"A great many degrees removed," laughed she.

"The more the better, Caroline, in one point of view. What a bean he is getting!"

"Who?" said she, quickly.

"Old Canterbury. He is ten years younger, to look at, than he was a year ago. What has he been doing to himself?"

"How come you to pay us a visit to-day? and to come without sending word?" inquired Miss Kage, passing by the subject of Mr. Canterbury's looks.

"I came for two purposes: and I had no time to send you word," he answered. "One purpose was, to ascertain why you have discontinued writing to me."

She blushed, vividly as she had blushed at the Rock, at Jane Canterbury's remark; and she hesitated in her reply.

"Mamma considered that it was foolish for us to be writing to each other."

"I am sure they were very cousinly letters, Cary, and could do harm to neither of us. Your mamma, if she read them, as I conclude she did, must have acknowledged that."

"Well—she thought it was better let alone," coldly returned Miss Kage. "What was the other thing you came down for?"

"To tell you a bit of news, and ask your advice. I have had a place offered me in the civil service in India. It is worth seven hundred a year now, and will rise to more. Would you advise me to throw up my profession and accept it?"

"You do not make seven hundred a year at your profession, Tom?"

"Seven hundred a year!" he echoed; "no, I wish I did; there would be no question, then, of my leaving it. I just keep myself, and that's about all."

"Then I should go to India," she said, with animation. "You may never have such a chance thrown in your way again. Accept it at once, without hesitation. I should start by the next mail."

"Should you? I could not go alone, Caroline."

"No?" she returned, the flush rising to her face again.

"If I could—could—induce a companion to share my fortunes with me, then I would go. Otherwise, I stay and fight out my fate in England."

Miss Kage was silent, and her manner was growing frigid.

"I do not know whether you have much notion of the relative value of money, Caroline," he resumed; "of what seven hundred a year may imply, as to capabilities. Your mother's income is five hundred; you can judge by that: but money goes less far in India than at home. Would a companion venture with me, think you?"

"No," she answered, in a low, firm tone.

A change, like a blight, passed over his features. "Think again, Caroline," he said, after a pause. "Reflect upon it, and give me an answer later in the day."

"There is no necessity. I should only say what I do now. No."

In perfect silence they walked on until they reached her door. She was about to enter when he stopped her.

"Caroline—have you fully understood me?"

"I imagine so: I am sure so: quite fully."

"And you reject me?"

"Don't be silly. Reject! Well, then, Yes—if you will have an answer. Cousins we are, and cousins we must remain; nothing more."

"I have waited long to say this; I could not speak without some such justification as that which now offers. You have misled me, Caroline."

"What will you say next? If there has been any misleading in the matter, it must have been in your fancy."

"You have misled me, and you know it," he reiterated, too earnest to heed the signs of his own agitation. "You have been misleading me all along."

"Tom, I have not. I dread poverty, and should never marry to encounter it, so how could I mislead you? Don't make a spectacle of yourself; I hate scenes."

"I am not one to make a spectacle of myself," he rejoined, with sufficient calmness, "but—I must repeat it—you have *cruelly* misled me. Do you forget that when I was last here, you—"

"Yes, I forget all about it, and I don't wish to remember," she heartlessly interrupted. "Why, I'd rather be turned into that cane of yours than wed myself to poverty."

"Do you call seven hundred a year poverty?"

"Of course I do. Dreadful poverty to marry upon. Where's the good of marrying at all, if you are to be no better off than before? Seven hundred a year, indeed! it would not half keep me in dress. No, Tom, I never could risk that."

"Upon what income, then, would you marry?"

"Upon as many thousands. Not a fraction under."

She turned into the house ere he had recovered his surprise. He caught her hand, but she withdrew it from him with a jerk.

"Tell me only one thing, Caroline: what has changed you?"

"I will tell you one thing: and that is, that if you persist in pursuing so disagreeable a topic and making me uncomfortable, I shall go up-stairs and lock myself in my room until you are gone."

"So hope is to go out for me thus; now, and for evermore?"

"Hope never ought to have been in. I am surprised at you, Tom. I thought you had better sense."

She sped on, her manner and meaning too clearly decisive. It was the turning point of his life: the turn which so many must pass and bear: all green behind, bright, hopeful green, as a meadow in spring; all gray henceforward, a dull, cheerless, leaden gray. If ever man had been jilted in this world, he had been by Caroline Kage.

Luncheon was on the table when they entered. Mrs. Kage, a sigh-away, die-away sort of lady, rose from her sofa, and took her place at table. She was the Honorable Mrs. Kage.

"Cold lamb," she said. "Will you save me the trouble of carving, Thomas? And mind you make a good luncheon: it must be millions of hours since you breakfasted."

He did as he was told: carved; and made a good luncheon, or appeared to do so: Mrs. Kage was not one to take much notice, and Caroline seemed occupied with her own plate. When the tray was removed, and Mrs. Kage had resumed her sofa, her fan, and her essence bottles, he rose to say farewell.

"You are not going now?" cried Mrs. Kage.

"I must, indeed."

"I understood that you had come for the day—that you would stay for dinner."

"I am anxious to get back to town; this is a busy time with me: and now that I have seen you and Caroline—"

He did not finish his sentence—if it had any finish. A shake of Mrs. Kage's delicate, but faded, hand, a slighter shake of Caroline's, and he was gone.

"There never was any comprehending him," said Mrs. Kage, languidly refreshing her face with eau-de-Cologne. "Fancy his coming all that immense distance, and travelling all night, for only half a day!"

"He came for longer," said Caroline, peering through the muslin curtains to watch his steps, as they bore him onwards. "I believe I sent him away."

"How was that?" drawled Mrs. Kage.—"Adjust this cushion at my feet, will you, Caroline?"

"He has had a place in India given him," said Caroline, sinking her voice and disregarding the cushion, "and he said he would accept it if I would go out with him."

"What is the value of it?" eagerly responded Mrs. Kage, forgetting her langor in glowing vision of lakhs upon lakhs of rupees.

"Seven hundred a year."

Mrs. Kage sank again.

"Oh!"

"I ridiculed it, mamma."

"What else should you do, child? Did you see Mr. Canterbury?"

"Yes. He will come in this evening about the letter."

Mrs. Kage was unscrewing the stopper of her smelling-salts, an obstinate stopper, given to stick in, and made no remark.

"He joined me as I was leaving, and walked with me through the park," continued Caroline.

"I wish he would walk with you to some purpose," rejoined the honorable lady. "It is apparent that he means something, and he ought to speak out."

"He has spoken," was Caroline's answer. "As we stood by the stile at the end of the park to-day, one word led to another, I suppose, and he asked me to be Mrs. Canterbury."

The young lady spoke with listless apathy. But not with apathy was the intelligence received. The Honorable Mrs. Kage could be roused sometimes, though it took a good deal to do it.

"You lucky girl! To be provided for, like this, at eighteen! You will be the envy of the world."

"Well, I don't know, mamma," returned Caroline, dubiously. "I had not used to dwell so much upon money, and all that, but you have talked me into it. Of course a fine establishment is desirable, and a large income is desirable, but—"

"Desirable!" broke in Mrs. Kage; "it's the only desirable thing in life. I know it, to my cost. I was a simpleton, and married for love; married one who had nothing but his face, and his figure, and his scarlet regimentals; I, a peer's daughter. He was a perfect Adonis, to be sure—and you, dear, are the very image of him, as I continually tell you—but one can't live upon beauty. And what have been the wretched, miserable, lasting consequences? Why, that I have sunk to the level of an obscure officer's wife—and widow—and have had to eke out my paltry bit of money as I best could, and am neglected and forgotten by those of my own rank. I have told your papa many a time that he had better have buried me alive than run away with me; and so he had."

"Still, money is not everything, mamma; and I don't know whether it will compensate for an old husband with grown-up children. I wish I did know."

"Yes it will, Caroline," said Mrs. Kage, as she raised herself on her elbow, to resort to her vinaigrette. "It is a woman's destiny, unhappily, to grow up and be married, and of course she can't go aside from it; and if she could, she wouldn't. Woman has exalted notions, you see, as to a married life; implanted in her at her birth, I think, by some spirit of contrariness, for I'm sure I don't know how else they come; to her vision, it seems a sort of celestial Paradise, and all she thinks of is, how to get in, never reflecting that, once in, there's no getting out. Well, child, as I say, it is a woman's destiny to be married, just as it is a stray sheep's to be put into the pound, but I do assure you that it is not of the very slightest consequence what the husband may be; youth or age, beauty or deformity, stocked with intellect or devoid of brains, it is all one, provided he has a deep purse. That is the one only thing to look after. Suppose I had a heap of children," logically proceeded Mrs. Kage, "where should I have been? Why, in the work-house; worse off than any poor stray creature in the pound."

"He wears a wig," grumbled Caroline, reverting to her own grievances.

"The most enchanting wig I ever saw, dear; no living soul could tell that it's not growing hair. It is so beautifully blended with his own—of which he has a full crop behind—that a French coiffeur, with all his artistic skill, could not tell where the hair ends and the wig begins."

"But it *is* a wig," argued Caroline.

"Whether it's a wig, or whether it is not, it will not add to, or take from, domestic felicity."

Caroline Kage raised her eyebrows. Domestic felicity, and old Father Canterbury! irreverently thought she. Involuntarily, another form rose to her mind, in connection with that word; one she had just watched out of sight.

"Does he take it off at night!"

"Take off what?" asked Mrs. Kage, in momentary forgetfulness of their subject.

"The wig," irritably explained Caroline. "If he does, and I see his bald head, I shall scream frightfully."

"My dear child, let your thoughts centre upon the enormous wealth that will be yours, not upon a perishable wig," said Mrs. Kage, refreshing her face again. "Was he all rapture when you accepted him?"

"Who?" cried Caroline, who had been following, in imagination, those other footsteps. "Oh—Mr. Canterbury; I did not accept him."

Mrs. Kage half raised herself, looked at Caroline with open mouth, and then fell back in a flood of tears, bemoaning her hard fate and her daughter's folly, in having rejected the Rock. Perhaps she thought she should have come in for some of its magnificent comforts.

"A mansion fit for a king; carriages at command; servants in numbers; luxurious pineries, and hot-houses, and conservatories; wines from every part of the known world; delicacies served on silver and gold; and a banker's book that has no end!" she sobbed, having recourse to her whole collection of bottles at once, "and she has been such a ninny as to throw it all away! Not even to think of the costly dresses she might have indulged in; the purple and fine linen!"

"You are finding fault for nothing, mamma. I could not answer him, because Tom came poking up. Otherwise I suppose I should have said Yes."

Away went the sobs.

"Dearest, darling child! why could you not have explained at first? My poor nerves! I will answer him for you when he comes to-night, and say how happy you will be to be his wife."

Caroline knitted her brows and looked very gloomy. Mrs. Kage glanced at her stealthily.

"I'll be master and mistress both, if I do have him."

"Oh, to be sure, darling. He is excessively good-natured, and his wishes will be yours. I should like to have seen your dead papa attempting to contradict mine."

"I don't allude to him; *of course* I shall do all I like as far as he goes; but those women! They are not going to domineer over me, and they need not think it."

"They will not think it. When once you are married, Caroline, you will be the mistress of the Rock in everything, and of the Miss Canterburys. Wait patiently till then."

That same night Mr. Canterbury made the communication to his daughters, which they had, within a few hours only, learnt to fear—that he was about to bring home a young wife. He made it to Olive, whom he had summoned into his library. She tried to falter out a few words of congratulation, of hope for his happiness, but they froze upon her tongue, and her dry lips refused to speak them. She was glad to escape from the room, and it seemed that he was not unwilling she should.

"Well—what were you wanted for?—what news?" eagerly asked Mrs. Dunn, when Olive returned to her sisters.

"The worst news—the news you prepared us for," was Olive's reply, as she sank on a seat, stunned and miserable. "Caroline Kage is to take our dead mother's place."

Jane turned her head from the light, and Millicent laid her head on the table and burst into tears. Mrs. Dunn, on the contrary, advanced full into the rays of the chandelier, lofty and indignant.

"Do not meet it in that spirit, girls; show your dignity, if you have any. I presume you stood up for your rights, Olive?"

"What rights?" asked Olive.

"What rights! Has it not occurred to you that you must have a thorough understanding with your father? that your privileges, your

liberties and comforts as daughters of the house, must remain intact, secure from the control of any interloper? Did you not say this?"

"Lydia, I could not say it."

"I see I must act for you all," retorted Mrs. Dunn, leaving the room for her father's presence as she spoke.

Mr. Canterbury was calmly reading the county newspaper.

"Sir, this is a startling communication which you have made to Olive," she began, not choosing to hint at any previous suspicions of their own. "What is to become of my sisters?"

"Become of them!" echoed Mr. Canterbury, holding the paper before his face, as if still perusing it. "In what way?"

"I put myself out of the discussion altogether, having my own home," continued Mrs. Dunn. "But they have no other home to retire to than this, sir."

"They do not require any other."

"As soon as you marry it will be your wife's home, not theirs."

"Absurd!" repeated Mr. Canterbury. "If I choose to bring home four-and-twenty wives, there would be room for your sisters then."

"In point of space there might be. But young wives are given to domineering, and Miss Kage may take a fancy for indulging in it. How, in that case, could they remain at the Rock? There's no saying, indeed, what extent of putting upon Jane might bear, but Olive—"

"This is uncalled for, Lydia," interrupted Mr. Canterbury, rising in surprise, and facing his daughter. "Miss Kage is of an amiable nature, and she and they are on intimate and affectionate terms—as you know. Those terms will be only cemented by a closer union."

"Will you promise—will you undertake that my sisters' home shall not be rendered unhappy? that they shall be as free and independent in it as they have been?"

"Certainly I will," responded Mr. Canterbury, "and you must have called up very strange ideas, to fear otherwise. Except in the matter of housekeeping," he added, casting his thoughts to domestic matters, "Olive must resign that."

"She will not expect to retain it, sir. I spoke of themselves personally. Will they be allowed the freedom of action, the comfort, that they have hitherto possessed?"

"Yes, they will. What should hinder it?"

So spoke, so thought, Mr. Canterbury. So have thought other bridegrooms in prospective. But—wait a bit.

In the same room where we have seen them, but when the year had grown later, sat the unmarried daughters of Mr. Canterbury. Mrs. Dunn had returned home; she would not remain at the Rock to witness the wedding of her father; she prided herself upon being independent, and "showing what she thought:" but the others had countenanced it by their presence, and Millicent was bridesmaid. The happy pair, as announced by the local newspapers, in newspaper phraseology, had repaired to the Lakes to enjoy the honeymoon. The honeymoon was now over, and a good long honeymoon it had been, and it is to be hoped they had enjoyed it, and the "happy pair" were this day expected home, after their six weeks' absence. Everything was in readiness to welcome them, and the Miss Canterburys, having all complete, were sitting to their ordinary occupations. Like right-minded ladies, as they were, they were prepared to render due honor and deference to their father's wife.

"How strange it will be to see her take the head of the table!" exclaimed Millicent, looking up from her drawing. "I wonder if she will put herself on the same merry, familiar footing with me, as formerly? And—oh!—if I should forget myself and call her Cary!"

"What shall we call her?" wondered Jane.

"Mrs. Canterbury, when speaking of her," said Olive.

"But when speaking to her?"

"I don't know. Nothing. It would be too ridiculous to say Mamma; and as much out of place, I imagine, to call her Caroline. There is only Mrs. Canterbury to fall back upon."

"Did you recollect to order mamma's portrait out of their rooms, Olive?" inquired Millicent.

"My dear, I have recollected everything. She will find all things as they should be. Listen: here's a visitor.

"Mrs. Kage," said the butler, opening the door, after a short interval.

"What an oppressive day for October!" languidly spoke Mrs. Kage, as she sank on the nearest sofa. "My dears, how are you? Do place me a screen, Millicent; your fire is like a volcano. I have heard from your mamma this morning."

Olive bit her lip, somewhat in amusement.

"We have also heard, Mrs. Kage. My father wrote. They will be at home this evening to dinner."

"Yes, that's what I came up about," returned Mrs. Kage, throwing off her bonnet and shawl. "I have come to see to the arrangements."

"What arrangements?" inquired Olive, in surprise.

"My daughter's rooms, and so forth."

"The arrangements are finished: the rooms are in readiness," returned Olive.

"My dearest Miss Canterbury, you have no doubt done to the best of your ability, but a mother's eye can alone tell what will please her daughter."

Olive drew herself up. "I trust the arrangements will please Mrs. Canterbury. Should there be any alteration she wishes made, she can give her own orders when she sees them."

"Thank you, my dear, I will go through them, if you please, with one of the housemaids," rejoined Mrs. Kage, whose tone, drawling as it was, bespoke quiet resolution. "And now about dinner: what have you ordered?"

Miss Canterbury was silent, from sheer amazement.

"Can I see the housekeeper!"

"Mrs. Kage!" uttered the astounded Olive; "the dinner was fixed upon some hours ago. It will prove satisfactory to Mrs. Canterbury, I have no doubt."

"I know what my dear pet likes: and she has begged me, in her letter, to take care that things are comfortable for her."

"As I trust they will be found," said the indignant Olive, whilst Jane stole out of the room, and Millicent bent over her cardboard with a heightened color. "Should there be any particular dish you wish added, I will ascertain whether it can be done."

"I will see the housekeeper myself, dear," persisted Mrs. Kage, in the most gently polite tone imaginable, "and direct the alterations I may think necessary."

A flash of Olive's quick temper broke out. She rose from her seat, not, however, lifting her voice to anger, though it was unmistakably firm.

"I have been mistress of the house for many years, Mrs. Kage, and I believe I have been found capable of conducting it. So long as I am so—which will only be until the coming home of Mrs. Canterbury—I am in no need of assistance, and cannot permit interference. The dinner must be served this evening as I ordered it."

"But you are shockingly rude, my dear, in saying this to my face: quite ill-bred."

"I think not. I do not wish to be."

"Well, my dear Miss Canterbury, in being thus obstinate, you stand in your own light, for it will naturally incense my daughter against you, when I repeat it to her. However, let it pass: it does not much signify for the few hours you will be in power."

Olive clenched the table-cover in her hands to keep down her passion. Millicent's brow burnt as she turned it—and could not help it—on Mrs. Kage. That lady glided off the sofa.

"And now, dears, you will ring for the upper housemaid. I will visit the rooms and see about the alterations there."

"No!" burst forth Olive, her temper breaking out at last. "The rooms shall remain as they are."

Olive meant what she said, and Mrs. Kage relapsed into sweetness, and made herself comfortable on the sofa for the rest of the day.

The bridegroom and bride came back, and she, the girl-wife, entered into authority in her new home. She did not wield it judiciously: like some others, who have been suddenly exalted into power, she gave the reins to her own will. Her mother encouraged her, and her husband blindly doted on her.

Mr. Canterbury had promised that his daughters should be independent and free of action as they had hitherto been: he had asserted that their home would remain the same, as to comfort and happiness. What should hinder it? he had asked. Mrs. Canterbury hindered it. Lydia Dunn, clear in penetration, sound of judgment, had misdoubted of her sisters' future, when the young wife should be set over them: but Lydia Dunn, in her darkest fears, had never pictured what that home was really to become. They were contradicted and thwarted in every shape by Mrs. Canterbury, and at length it grew to insult. Petty insults, it is true, but they are harder to bear than great ones.

For some time they bore it: bore it in silence and with swelling hearts; and then Olive, in Mrs. Canterbury's presence, appealed to her father. He took the part of his young wife. Of course: in his present mood of mind, what else was to be expected? Mrs. Kage stepped in, like an amiable fox, to heal the breach, by suggesting that the Miss Canterburys should remove to a small house on the estate, and make their home there. Mr. Canterbury caught at it; his wife more than caught at it, for to get them away was what she had been working for; and the young ladies were fain to acquiesce, as a relief from their present unhappy state of thraldom.

So the Miss Canterburys were turned out of the Rock. And, by-and-by, we may see how things went on there without them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BLACK AND WHITE ELOPEMENT.—The editor of the Detroit Advertiser has had a conversation with Miss Judson, of Pontiac, who eloped to Windsor, C. W., and was there married to her colored lover. No signs of insanity, except her love for the negro—which she frankly avowed—was observed. She is one of a family of 12 children, and 24 years of age—mature enough to make her own choice of a husband, one would think. Her father—who is a very respectable looking man, about sixty years of age, has ever been distinguished for uprightness and piety. He said the negro had always been faithful and obedient, and he had allowed him many privileges colored people do not usually enjoy. He sat at the table with the family, made one of the social circle evenings, and accompanied them to church. Mr. Judson denies, however, that he ever professed amalgamation doctrines. The negro is represented as about fifty years of age, his white wool showing off a countenance of superfine ivory black to a frightful advantage. In his escape from the South he received a shot in one of his legs, which adds nothing to the elegance of his locomotion, and there is not a solitary ivory remaining to relieve the horrid chasm that yawns whenever he attempts a smile. Sarah was sharing a miserable shanty with this man in the suburbs of Windsor.

A WHITE girl—*said* to be of good family and intelligent—recently eloped from her father's house at Pontiac, Mich., with a hired man, a negro. She was married, but was followed, and persuaded to return by her father. She declares that the negro is her first and only love, and that she will live with him! Nice taste that!

FANNY KEMBLE AND MOUNT VERNON.—The New York correspondent of the Buffalo Advertiser gives the following gossip under date of January 7:

A committee of ladies from the Mount Vernon Association waited upon the lady at her apartments at the St. Denis Hotel, one morning of this week, to solicit the proceeds of one of her Shakspearean readings in aid of the Mount Vernon Fund. The case was very elaborately stated by the chairman of the committee, and the "last of the Kembles," after hearing all that was to be heard, drew herself up to the entire longitude of her magnificent proportions, and said, with a frown:

"Ladies, I respect your motives, but have no toleration for the means you are resorting to to perpetuate the memory of George Washington. If your country is too poor, too mean, or too ungrateful to take upon itself, through the national legislature, so obvious a duty, better that Mount Vernon be sold for a cattle market than that it should be purchased by the proceeds of charity balls, flash newspapers and quack doctors. My humble abilities are at your service, but with the proviso that whatever amount of money they may yield, it shall be presented to Congress as the first donation, to enable them to discharge a duty which ought to be discharged by them, or not at all."

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.—The principal proceedings during the week have been as follows:—

The passage of the French Spoliation Bill by a vote of 28 yeas to 20 nays.

The discussion of the Pacific Railroad Bill.

The introduction of a bill by Mr. Slidell, of La., proposing to authorize the renewal of negotiations for the purchase of Cuba, and concluding with a resolution, "That thirty millions of dollars be placed in the President's hands for expenditure, either from the cash in the treasury, or be borrowed on five per cent. bonds of a thousand dollars each, redeemable in from twelve to twenty years."

And the introduction of a joint resolution reported by Mr. Mason, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which recites that, by reason of the distracted and revolutionary condition of Mexico, of certain of the States of Central America, and occasionally of those of South America, the lives and property of American citizens are subject to lawless violence or otherwise placed in peril, all redress in the usual diplomatic forms being in vain, and it being the indisputable duty of the Government to protect the lives and property of our citizens against lawless violence without the limits of the United States, therefore, it is proposed to authorize the President to use the military and naval forces, and interpose in such cases when he may deem necessary.

On the 14th, the consideration of the Pacific Railroad Bill was continued. Mr. Bigler's proposition to limit the route within the thirty-seventh and forty-third parallels was lost. Mr. Wilson's substitute to have engineers appointed to locate the road, shared the same fate. Mr. Thompson, of Kentucky, made a vigorous speech against the road, denouncing it as a great humbug—greater even than the Atlantic Telegraph—and calling on the conservatism of the Senate to reject it altogether. A long debate ensued, and an amendment was adopted, offered by Mr. Doolittle, that any contract made by the President should be submitted by him to Congress for ratification. Mr. Mason, of Virginia, moved to recommit the bill. Lost by a vote of yeas 23, nays 29. Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, moved to lay the bill on the table, which was also lost—yeas 27, nays 29. The bill was left in this condition when the hour of adjournment arrived. The Senate then adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Through the last week, the House was occupied with the following subjects. Mr. Barksdale, of Miss., offered the following preamble and resolution, which were adopted:—

Whereas, it has been announced in foreign journals that the Courts of France and England have given notice to our Government that the cession of Cuba in the United States will not be tolerated, even with the consent of Spain, therefore

Resolved, That the President be requested, if not incompatible with the public interest, to communicate to this House the correspondence between the Governments of France and England with our own, relative to the cession of Cuba to the United States.

The Pension Bill has been considered at length—with occasional digressions on general politics, slavery, the tariff, &c.

A bill to codify the Revenue Laws.

The consideration of Com. Paulding's course towards Gen. Walker's party—unfinished business of last session—was finished up as follows:—

The amendment declaratory of the right of expatriation, and that the capture of Gen. Walker was within the letter and spirit of the instructions of the Secretary of the Navy, but without the authority of law, was rejected, as was also the amendment condemning the course pursued by Commodore Paulding. The vote on the latter was 58 yeas and 128 nays.

A substitute tendering thanks to Commodore Paulding and his officers, was adopted—yeas 96, nays 85.

The question was then stated to be on agreeing to the report of the Committee of Foreign Affairs as thus amended, when, on motion of Mr. Cox, of Ohio, the whole subject was laid on the table by 4 majority.

In the House, on the 14th, a resolution was adopted instituting inquiries into the coal contracts for the navy, and the amount of commissions paid the agents.

ITALIAN ENGLISH.—Opera-goers know what a mess the Italian singers generally make of the English language when they attempt it. When Piccolomini was singing in the Italian version of "The Bohemian Girl," in New York, the other night, she ventured on the English words of one of the gems of the opera, and the following is given as the result of the attempt:—

[Enter Madame Piccolomini, R. E., at a sort of hop-and-skip step. (Sensation and applause.) Courtesies to audience, and looks over left shoulder towards stage box.]

[Young man in small garrotte shirt collar, large straw-colored whiskers, and white kids, in a high state of excitement, cries *Brayvo!*]

[Pic. smiles to balconies; conductor flourishes baton, and orchestra plays symphony, after which she sings:]

I dreamt sat I dwelt in marble halls,

[Glance over left shoulder, and sensation in stage box.]

Wis vassals and serfs at my sard,
And of orl assembled wisin nose walls,
Zat I was so ope and so pride;
I had richesse to great to coonte,
Could bonst a high ancestral fame,

[Three nods, shrug of pretty shoulders, and smiles all round the balconies.]

But I also dreamt, which please me mose,
Zat you loaf me still so same—

[Exuberantly to galleries, balconies and everybody.]

Zat you *loaf* me—tat you *loaf* me sti-li-l
so same.

[Applause—laughter—mirth. Side split to pieces in stage box, and a dress-circle window smashed in by an individual in the lobby, anxious to see "what it was all about."]

RAPID INCREASE OF POPULATION.—Some idea may be formed of the rapid increase of our population, from the following well authenticated incident, for which we are indebted to Mr. Langley, editor of the San Francisco Directory, and the California State Register:

One day last week, an employee of Mr. Langley, engaged in compiling facts for his forthcoming Directory, stopped at a house in this city, rang the bell, and found himself confronted with the proprietor, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Will you be kind enough to furnish me with your name for the Directory?"

"Certainly; my name is ——."

"Have you a family?"

"Yes, a wife and a servant."

"Any children?"

"Wait a moment, I'll go and see."

In the course of five minutes the proprietor returned, and joyfully remarked:

"Yes, you can put down one boy."

It seems that his lady had just presented him with a son. The employee returned his acknowledgments, and moved off to gather information elsewhere. About half-an-hour afterwards, he was returning through the same street, when he heard a hail from the house of the gentleman above referred to, and on going up, the gentleman remarked:

"Sir, you can put me down for two children."

His lady had presented him with another fine boy. The above is an actual occurrence, and but one of the many curious adventures that attend the business of a Directory employee.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveller furnishes, in his last letter, the following in regard to a late visit of the venerable Lord Brougham to Paris:

"Lord Brougham is at present in Paris. The venerable orator, lawyer, philanthropist, scholar, writer, continues in firm health, although eighty winters are upon him, and all his cotemporaries—Moore, Scarlett, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Canning, Peel, Melbourne, Romilly—are in their graves. He had by his marriage with Miss Spalding but one child, and that a daughter now dead, so he is now childless. I like to see these great men childless, for then I am certain the world shall not be pained by the sight of a worthless fellow tottering under a great name which he is unable to bear."

Queen Victoria skates. We subjoin, as of some interest to the sex, the annexed description of a pair of skates just completed for Queen Victoria:

"In lieu of straps across the instep, each skate is provided with a patent leather boot. These boots are firmly attached by a strip of plated silver to the clogs, which are of satin wood, highly polished. The skate irons terminate in front in the appropriate and graceful form of a swan, and both sides are elegantly chased. The cup that forms the receptacles for the heels is silver plated, and chased with the design of a rose, shamrock and thistle.—The same design is embroidered in white silk upon the black patent leather, to which it forms a pleasing contrast. The size gracefully corresponds to the small foot of her Majesty, and when mounted on them, 'tis said she looks elegantly."

Madame Kisselhoff, the lady of the Russian Ambassador to Paris, is so exceedingly beautiful as to have been called the "Rose of Russia." She is so ardent a defender of woman's rights, that her husband does not dare to present himself to her grand entertainments unless he receives a written invitation. She dresses in black lace or velvet, with a profusion of rich jewelry, and is an inveterate and very successful gambler.

The Emperor Napoleon has again pardoned the Count de Montalembert from the modified sentence of the Imperial Court. The editor of the *Correspondant* has also been pardoned, with one hundred and sixty other prisoners.

The London *Globe*'s Paris correspondent writes: "I am able to state very confidently that the Court of the Tuileries has within the last two or three days, caused Lord Derby's Government to be officially informed that, in case England should think fit to take any measures to counteract the American policy indicated in certain parts of President Buchanan's speech she may rely upon the support of France to the utmost extent."

A false alarm of fire occurred during the performance in the Victoria Theatre, London, causing a terrible panic among the audience, during which sixteen persons were trampled to death in the rush to the doors of exit.

Mr. Barnum had made his first appearance in London as a lecturer at St. James's Hall. The hall was crowded to excess, and the newspapers generally speak quite flatteringly of Mr. Barnum's essay. His theme was "Money Making."

The *Times*' city article, dated Friday evening, congratulates the country on the hopeful appearance of matters at the opening of the year, as contrasted with last January, and predicts a calm money market for the year.

The Spanish press have generally denounced the message of President Buchanan, relative to Cuba, in a severe tone of offended pride. The Monarquio says:—"Spain would conquer or die, before she permitted such a catastrophe (the loss of Cuba,) and would, even upon burning ruins, wave till the last the standard of Old Spain—a standard which may, perhaps, be torn by the artillery of those mercenaries, without God and without law, but which, till the last, will be resplendent with majesty and glory." Other papers consider it mere American "electioneering clap-trap."

At the last advices (Jan 1st,) Cotton closed steady, Breadstuffs buoyant, and Provisions dull.

WINTER COMFORTS.

Chilblains sore on all your toes,
Icicles hang from your nose,
Rheumatis in all your limbs,
Noddle full of aches and whims,
Chaps upon your hands and lips,
And lumbago in your hips,
To your bed you shiv'ring creep,
There to freeze, but not to sleep,
For the sheets that look so nice,
Are to you two sheets of ice.

A man seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey, that was hung on a fruit tree, said thus: "Why, thou nottish animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you see many hundred of your kind there dying in it before you?" "The reprosch is just," answered the wasp, "but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies, that you will not take warning by your own. If after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you."—*Dean Swift.*

"Brown, of Baltimore," writes to the Boston Post:—"Sojourning in the elegant and most hospitable mansion of Dr. H——'s, last week, I was auditor of the following dialogue between the doctor and his youngest daughter, a beautiful child of six or seven years. The father was winding his watch, when he said, playfully, to the girl, 'Let me wind your nose up!' 'No,' said the child, 'I don't want my nose wound up, for I *don't want it to run all day!*' There was some merriment for a few moments in that circle, albeit it was Sunday."

A gentleman was so prone to exaggeration, that he found it necessary to instruct his servant to jog him, whenever he drew the long bow too freely. One day he was describing a fox he had slain, a fox with a monstrous long brush, quite "a mile long." John immediately jogged his master. "Well," said he, "perhaps not quite so much, but I am sure it was half-a-mile." (Another jog!) "Or if not, about a quarter." (Jog again.) "Well, I'll be shot if it was not a hundred yards long!" (A very hard jog!) The poor story-teller could bear this jogging no longer, but jumping up, exclaimed—"Zounds, rascal! will you not let my fox have a tail at all?"

CRINOLINE VS. UMBRELLAS.—A letter from Africa relates that while the writer and another lady were enjoying a walk near their new home, they became conscious that their movements were watched by a native, who, wherever they went, followed them, scrutinising their every motion, but always at a proper distance, and with the most respectful silence. An interpretation was afterwards arrived at, when they learned that the native had reported abroad how he had followed the strange ladies and was surprised that they should "wear their umbrellas under their clothes."

I never knew a man to escape failure, in either body or mind, who worked seven days in the week.—*Sir Robert Peel.*

HOME.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.
—*Burns.*

THE CURRENCY OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Jones, of the Stock Exchange, conversing with Brown, remarked that the Count de Montalembert was a "great gun." "Yes," replied Brown (who was a wag,) "and you see that Louis Napoleon has let him off."

There are few countries which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer where one-third of the people are not extremely stinted even in the necessaries of life. I send out twenty barrels of corn, which would maintain a family in bread for a year, and I bring back in return a barrel of wine, which half a dozen good fellows would drink in less than a month at the expense of their health and reason.—*Dean Swift.*

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.
—*Longfellow.*

A German clergyman, by way of giving point to a eulogy of the dead man, at a funeral, declared that his own experience would prove that the defunct was the most generous of men, as he had long ago borrowed forty dollars of him, of which to his dying day he had never asked the payment. Of the debt thus acknowledged before witnesses, however, the heirs, the next day, demanded the payment with interest!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so wholly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds, as if with unseen wings
An angel swept its quivering strings,
And whispers in its song,
"Where hast thou stayed so long?"
—*Longfellow.*

When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene spaces, like eyes glistening with tears, over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more; yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and the Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them from the plain of Shinar. What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!—*Thomas Carlyle.*

An exchange publishes two lines of the great epic upon General Jackson, written by a Western bard:

"When you see their eyes glisten, then, my men,
fire!
Were the last dying words of A. Jackson,
Esquire."

THE CURIOSITIES OF HUMAN FOOD.—Mankind has been wonderfully ingenious from its infancy in the concoction of edible varieties.—Apart from baked human thighs in Fejee, and broiled fingers in Sumatra, there are sundry culinary fashions, still extant, which must be marvellously unintelligible to a conventionalized appetite. Not that it appears strange to eat ducks' tongues in China, kangaroos' tails in Australia, or the loose covering of the great elk's nose in New Brunswick. Not even that it is startling to see an Esquimaux eating his daily rations—twenty pounds in weight of flesh and oil—or a Yakut competing in voracity with a boa-constrictor;—but who would relish a stew of red ants in Burmah, a half-hatched egg in China, monkey cutlets and parrot pies at Rio Janeiro, and bats in Malabar, or polecats and prairie wolves in North America? Yet there can be little doubt that these are unwarrantable prejudices. Dr. Shaw enjoyed lion; Mr. Darwin had a passion for puma; Dr. Brooke makes affidavit that melted bears' grease is a most refreshing potion. And how can we disbelieve, after the testimony of Hippocrates, as to the flavor of boiled dog? If squirrels are edible in the East, and rats in the West Indies—if a sloth be good on the Amazon, and elephants' paws in South Africa, why should we compassionate such races as have little beef or mutton? for we may be quite sure that if, as Montesquieu affirms, there are valid reasons for not eating pork, there are reasons quite as unimpeachable for eating giraffe, alpacha, mermaid's tails, bustard and anaconda.—*Athenæum.*

MEMORY.—The memory of the famous Jewle, Bishop of Salisbury, was improved by industry, to such a degree, that he could readily repeat anything he had penned after once reading. At the ringing of the church bell, he generally began to commit his sermon to memory, and so strongly retained what he had acquired, that he used to say, that in a premeditated speech, he could not be interrupted by the shouting of a thousand auditors. Sir Francis Bacon once read to him the last clauses of ten lines in Erasmus' Paraphrase, in a confused manner. After a short pause, he rehearsed these broken parcels of sentences properly, and the contrary, without stumbling.

ALLOPATHY AND HOMŒOPATHY.—A curious libel suit has recently come off in Paris. Twelve homœopathic physicians sued the *Union Medicale* for having asserted that "homœopathy was neither a doctrine nor a science, but a trade," and that "if an epoch had ever presented itself at which the method of Hahnemann could be employed by any one who was not abjectly ignorant—a crack-brained visionary, or a wretched charlatan—it was certainly not the present one." The editors and proprietors of the *Union Medicale* pleaded, by way of defence and justification, that what they had stated was only the truth. The tribunal before which the suit was brought, without passing any judgment on the rival claims of allopathy and homœopathy, yet held that the plaintiffs had no ground of action, and dismissed the case, with costs.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 169—Adults 87, and children 82.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The continuation of the light receipts of Flour has caused more firmness in the market, notwithstanding that the accounts from Europe have again been discouraging. There has been, however, but little inquiry for shipment, and only 6000 bbls have been disposed of at $5,12½@5,25 ₱ bbl for superfine, chiefly at the latter rate; $5,50@5,62½ for extra, and $5,87½@6 ₱ bbl for extra family, including 1000 bbls Kentucky extra at the latter figure; 677 bbls Richmond City Mills, slightly damaged, by auction at $5,87½@6,25, and 200 half bbls at $5,37½ ₱ pair. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been within the range of these figures for common and extra, and fancy brands at $6,50@7,50 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour comes forward slowly, and is firm at $3,81½, at which small sales have been effected. Of Corn Meal the market is bare, and Penna is wanted at $3,50 ₱ bbl. Buckwheat Meal is dull at $2,50.

GRAIN—There is a fair stock of Wheat on hand, but the receipts are small, and prices have advanced 1@2c ₱ bush. Sales of 75,000 bush at $1,24@1,30 for fair and prime red, and $1,24@1,45 for white, including 2000 bush common Western at $1,26. Rye is in demand for distilling, and 1500 bush Penna sold on arrival at 85c. Corn is in good demand, but the supplies by water have been entirely suspended by the ice, and by railroad they have been trifling. The demand has been good, and prices have advanced 5c ₱ bush. Sales of 12,000 bush new yellow at 75@80c, closing in demand at the latter rate, and 2000 bush old at 80@84c. Oats were in good request early in the week, but the demand has since fallen off. Sales of 4000 bush at 47@48c for Penna, and 46c for Southern. In Barley there is more doing. 3000 bush New York sold at 80c. Barley Malt is dull; 200 bush genuine Scotch Malt sold at $1,25.

PROVISIONS—There has been little doing, and supplies from the West continue to come forward very slowly; small sales of Mess Pork at $17,75, and Prime at $16 ₱ bbl. A sale of Best Hams at $18. City packed Mess Beef is unchanged, and sells in small lots for ships' stores, at $16@16,50 ₱ bbl, cash. Bacon—The market is nearly bare of Sides and Shoulders, and of Hams the stock is considerably reduced, sales of the latter 10@12c for plain and fancy canvassed. Dry Salted Meats continue in very limited supply, sales of Hams at 9½c; Sides at 8½@8¾c, and Shoulders at 6¼@6½c, on time. Lard—The stock is very much reduced, and prices are firmer. There has been a fair inquiry; sales of barrels and tierces at 11½@12c, and kegs at 12½c, short time—now held higher. Butter—Solid packed is extremely dull, and ranges from 10½ to 13c ₱ lb, as in quality. Pennsylvania Roll ranges from 17 to 22c, and Goshen from 22 to 25c ₱ lb.

COTTON—There has been a moderate inquiry and prices are quite firm, the receipts and stocks being light; sales of 800 bales, chiefly Uplands at 12¼@13c ₱ lb, cash, for good middling and middling fair quality, including some samples at 12@12½c, and New Orleans at 13@14c, on time.

BARK—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron Bark are trifling, and No 1 is wanted at $28 ₱ ton. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark, and there is none arriving.

COAL—Prices are unchanged. The recent cold weather has caused an increased demand for home consumption, but for shipment there is less inquiry, and but few cargoes have been despatched from Richmond. The receipts by railroad have somewhat fallen off.

COFFEE—There have been no further arrivals, and the market is nearly bare of stock in first hands. Small sales of Rio at 11¼@11½c, and Laguayra at 11½c ₱ lb, including some Trade at 8½@9½c.

FEATHERS continue very dull, and good Western are selling slowly at 43@45c ₱ lb, short time, which is a material decline.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb, $2@2,50; Rocky Mountain, ₱ lb, $3@3,50; Muskrat Skins, ₱ lb, 18@25c; Nutria, ₱ lb, 35@50c; Raccoon, ₱ lb, 38@50c.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are selling in lots at 7¼@8c, and unpared Peaches at 9@12c ₱ lb. Cranberries are dull, and range from $9@13 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Green Apples are scarce.

HEMP—There is but little stock here and no transactions have been reported.

HIDES—There is no stock in private hands. No sales.

HOPS continue to meet a very limited inquiry. We quote new Eastern and Western at 12@17c, and old at 5@9c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market has been exceedingly quiet, and the sales are confined to small lots from store—in all 300 tons—at $20, $21, $22@$23 ₱ ton, cash, for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is nominally held at $25. In Blooms, Bars and Boiler Iron there is no change.

LEAD has been but little inquired after. A sale of 700 pigs at a price not made public.

LEATHER—Prime Slaughter Leather continues very scarce and in demand, at full rates. The better descriptions of Spanish Sole are also in limited supply, while inferior descriptions are plenty and dull.

LUMBER—The transactions have been unimportant, and no movement can be anticipated for several weeks to come. The prospects of a good spring trade, however, are encouraging.

MOLASSES—There has been a good demand, and prices have advanced 1c ₱ gal. Sales of 200 bbls from the wharf at 39c, on time, and 330 bbls to arrive, on private terms. Of Foreign the stock is extremely light; small sales of Trinidad at 38c, on time.

SEEDS—There is an active inquiry for Clover-seed, and prices have advanced 25c ₱ bus. Sales of 2000 bus prime at $5,87½@6,25, closing at the latter quotation, and 900 sacks from second hands to go out of the market, part at $6,25, and part on private terms. A lot of 50 sacks choice Ohio sold at 10c. In Timothy nothing doing. The market is bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted at $1,70 ₱ bus, at which several small lots have been picked up.

SUGAR—There is a good demand, and prices are firm at the improvement noted at the close of last week. Sales of 700 hhds Cuba at 7¾c; 400 hhds New Orleans at 8¼@8c, and about 600 boxes Havana Brown and Yellow at 7¼@8¼, on time.

SPIRITS—No change in Brandy or Gin. N. E. Rum is selling in lots at 36@38c. Whiskey has advanced. Sales of Pennsylvania bbls at 24¼@26c; Ohio at 25½@27c; Prison at 27c, hhds at 26c, and drudge at 23@24½c.

TOBACCO—Prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured, but there has been but little inquiry.

WOOL—The demand continues good, chiefly for the supply of Eastern manufacturers, and prices are quite firm. Sales of 200,000 pounds, ranging from 33½c for unwashed, up to 71c ₱ lb, cash, for extra fine.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Rousting rib, ₱ lb	14	Leg, Loin, Chop, ₱ lb	9 a10
Sirloin steak "	16	Breast and Neck "	6 a 8
Rump "	12 a14	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a$4
Chuck pieces "	8 a13	Whole carcase "	5 a 8
Plate and navels corned "	8 a10	*Veal.*	
Tongues, smoked	12 a75	Fore quarter, ₱ lb	8
Tongues, each	37½a75	Hind "	10
Skin	20 a25	Chop "	12½
Kidney "	8 a12½	Cutlet "	14
Liver, ₱ lb	5 a 8	Sweetbread, each	10
Dried *Beef*, ₱ lb	16 a20	*Pork.*	
Lamb.		Young Pigs	1,75
Fore quarter	50	Ham and fresh, lb	10 a12
Hind "	75	Feet, ₱ set	12½a25
Chop, ₱ lb	10 a12	Tripe, ₱ lb	4 a 6
Carcas head, each	$3 a$7	Lard "	10 a12
		Hams, sliced	14 a16
		Bologna sausages	16 a20

VEGETABLES.

Onions ₱ rope	12	Carrots, dozen	10
Bermuda potatoes, ₱ basket	1,25	Do do, ₱ lb	4 a 5
Sweet potatoes ₱ bus	75a1,00	Corn pot's, ₱ bus	75a1,00
Cabbages, ₱ head	3 a6	Onions, bus	50
		Turnips ₱ bush	37

FRUIT.

Apples, ₱ bbl	$2,50 a$3,75	Apples ₱ bf pk	25 a37

POULTRY AND GAME.

Chickens, ₱ pair	50 a 81	Terkeys ₱ lb	20
		Geese ₱ lb, 12c.	

SHELLFISH.

Oysters (Alwerous)		Morris River Cove,	
₱ bbl	50 a75	₱ M	10,00 a12,00
Do. ₱ M	7,00a8,00	N Y do, ₱ bbl.	10,00 12,00
	Terrapins $10a14.		

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter, lb	23 a40	Blue Fish, lb	12
Roll "	20 a30	Sea " do, "	17
Eggs, doz	23 a30	Mackerel	10
Codfish	6 a 6	Smoked Herring, bunch	6
Dry Cod	a 6	Sausage meat ₱ roll	12½
Halibut lb	12½		

QUAKER MARRIAGES AND DRESS

FROM THE LONDON TIMES OF DECEMBER 18.

We do not know to what exact class to annex the event we are going to note. It is not a literary event, or a political event, or a commercial event: we suppose it is a half-social, half-religious event—the relaxation of Quakerism. Yes, even Quakerism gives way at last; it is obliged to bow to all-powerful time and fashion, to show that it is not immutable, nor eternal. Who can wonder at the decadence of the British Constitution when the broad-brim—adamantine institution, emblem of fixedness and constancy—betrays a perishable nature? The admission of Jews to Parliament and the downfall of the barriers of Quakerism in one year are a remarkable coincidence, and when we have to add that the same year has witnessed an eclipse of the sun and a comet of extraordinary magnitude, we begin to feel superstitious. The Quakers are about to adopt two important changes. The first is an internal change, and not one to strike society; it is a demolition of a particular barrier which has hitherto separated a certain inner Quaker Church from an outer one. Marriage is the subject in connection with which this change takes place. The true, or formal Quaker Church, has not hitherto recognized the marriages of the outer Church—that is, it has not allowed the marriages to be performed according to the forms of Quakerism. This distinction is now to be removed, and the true Quakers, as well as the heathen and publican Quakers, are to be married Quaker-wise. What this new arrangement amounts to is the fusion of the inner and outer Church of Quakerism into one Society. The next change is on a subject of which the world at large takes cognizance—the important subject of dress.—A clause in a certain disciplinary formula, which has always hitherto been imposed on members of the Society, relating to "plainness of apparel," and which by a traditionary interpretation has always been taken to signify the regular Quaker costume, is to be removed, and the Quaker conscience is to be left free in its choice of dress. The same disciplinary clause has also imposed "plainness of speech," and this, too, has, by traditional interpretation, been understood as enjoining the use of the "thee" and "thou." The removal of it, then leaves the Quaker conscience free in the matter of speech as well as in that of dress.

This new arrangement, we believe, is not made before the exigencies of the Society itself have required it. The Quakers have been for a long time a numerically declining body; their sons and daughters repudiate these absurd restraints upon dress, and, as families rise to wealth and station, they leave the Society. A middling class whose trading interests are connected with Quakerism is orthodox enough, but the tendency of the higher members of the communion is to apostacy. There must be a remedy for this evil, and, to prevent the swarms of the world from carrying off too many loose members, Quakerism has at last made a modified alliance with the vanities of life, allowed a partial ingress of the world's ways into its own body, and so accommodated its rule to the tastes of the weaker brothers and sisters.

This is the gradual but certain result of all formal and traditional protests against the fashions of the world. Quakerism has been a protest of this kind; that is the object at which its distinctive dress and its peculiarities of speech have aimed; and the early life of Quakerism was, in its own eccentric way, a real fulfilment of this object. The Quaker had then the spirit as well as the form of a protester against the world; it was not a very discreet spirit of reclamation, but it was a real one. But bodies never keep up very long their early spirit and the temper of their original formation; they modify and modify, the world creeps in in another shape; broad-brims and drab and frightful bonnets cannot keep it out. The demon of finery, on finding itself excluded from shape and color, takes refuge in material, and fastens with determination upon that single article, resolved to get as much out of that one element of dress as the loose world does out of all the elements together—perhaps more, the taste having the advantage of being condensed upon one point, instead of being dissipated over several. The Quaker ladies have always been famous for the exquisite delicacy of their materials. The Quaker men have been prosperous tradesmen and shopkeepers, living very comfortably, and certainly paying not less attention to their pecuniary interests than the generality of the world does. This is the natural progress of a religious body, which started in a vehement spirit of remonstrance against the vanities of the world, and is committed by that start to certain modes and forms of protest which it keeps up, while it cannot in the nature of the case keep up the real spirit of it. Individuals may protest against the world; they feel the inspiration of that comparison between temporal and eternal things which annihilates the former at a stroke, and leaves the invisible world, with its mystical permanence, sublimity, and glory, the only reality in nature. Individuals can *feel* all this, it can be real with them, it can enter into their very heart and soul; individuals, then, can protest forcibly against the vanities of life, and their protest will be felt; it will summon forth kindred spirits to assist in it, and it will command the respect even of those who do not join in it. But the protest of *bodies* against the world is all moonshine; bodies of men *are* the world; it does not matter one straw how they dress, whether in trousers and boots or in knee-breeches and gaiters, whether their colors are drab and brown, or green, blue and claret, whether they wear cloth buttons or brass; it does not signify what forms of language they use, what numbers, singular or plural; bodies of men *are* the world, they always have been, and they always will be, and therefore they cannot protest very forcibly against the world. The enthusiasm of a first start may produce a singleness of religious life; but this is a most evanescent state; they became very soon regular mixtures of good, bad and indifferent. How, then, does a body continue its protest against this visible system of society when the early spirit has departed? The Quaker man protests by his broad-brim and drab breeches; the lady by her plain bonnet of cardboard and silk, and a gown of severe straightness. What does the world care about such a protest as this? Not one straw. It knows perfectly well what the Quaker body is—that it is a mixed body of all sorts, just like itself, and it takes its demonstration accordingly. In point of mere externals, the world does not want now the stern reprimand which old Fox gave it two centuries ago. The men, at least, no longer wear rich gold-laced coats; they no longer stuff their speech with false compliments and fine superlatives—still less with indelicacies and obscenities. But, whether the world does or does not want reprimanding now, the Quaker body is not the proper administerer of the blow. It would be difficult to point to anything less effective and influential as a movement against worldly vanity than Quakerism. Everybody understands it, takes its solemnities for granted, ranks them as a respectable, quaint tradition of a sect, excuses the eccentricity, and is decidedly amused by it. That is the result of the great Quaker manifesto, the standing memento of broadbrims. We think it very sensible of them to give up these oddities, but society will mix its congratulations with regret. The Quaker costume has become historical; it is like an old familiar friend in the streets—we shall miss it. When some old resident has gone away from a place, whether by the summons of death or any other summons, we say we do not know the place again. Will England be itself without the Quaker broad-brim? There is room, if not for ominous apprehensions, at least for a little sentimentality, some fond regrets, some last long lingering looks behind; but, whether we like it or not, the progress of common sense cannot be stopped.

THE COURT LADIES OF WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* sketches several noted ladies as follows:—

"Apropos of female politicians, Mrs. Douglas is not alone. Mrs. Conrad, a young, rich, and lovely widow, 'who (another has said) has too good sense to marry,' is called the greatest courtier in Washington, and exerts no small influence over state affairs. Her full-length photograph, with those of all the other beauties of Buchanan's court, is to be seen at Brady's, in Broadway. First stands Mrs. Douglas; her physique is splendid—not soft and pliant, but proud and queenly after the Roman model. Dark hair, eyes, classic features, brilliant complexion, with a commanding rather than winning expression. The picture does not do her justice. Her dress, of black silk, is not becoming, and is made in a fashion which robs somewhat the grace of her perfect form. Next stands Mrs. Conrad, *all* grace, clad in black velvet with pearls. A wily, a subtle, a beautiful Greek, with far-searching eyes, peach-tinted cheek, and wavy, golden-brown hair. Beside her stands Madame Le Vert, of Mobile, long an habitue of Washington, who for her *social genius* is preeminent above all American women. Madame Le Vert, without being beautiful, either in form or feature, has reigned as a "belle" since she was ten years old. She has travelled widely, has visited nearly all foreign courts, can carry on conversation in six different languages *at one time*, and be equally charming in all. Yet not in her talents, nor in her accomplishments, lies her fascination, but in the genial sweetness, naturalness, and perfect simplicity of her manners, which seem to give her possession of all hearts. Her clear, blue eye overflows with the exuberance of kindness, while around the serene mouth all gentle affections seem to have found dwelling. She wears a dress of brown silk with gorgeous bordered flounces, and a crimson rose in her hair. The sweetest compliment I ever heard for Madame Le Vert, was uttered to me by one of her personal friends:—'She is like a flower out in nature.' Next to her is Harriet Lane, of the 'White House,' Mr. Buchanan's niece. A blonde, cold and statuesque; pure and passionless as marble—one's very admiration gives them a chill. She stands in a verandah, the capitol in sight. A spray of flowers in her hair falls low upon her bare and beautiful neck. She looks a model of repose; the *very* Miss Lane whom the papers assure us 'receives with great dignity.' And then, Lady Gore Ouseley, the Yankee English woman, who has seen fit recently to dip her fingers into Nicaragua affairs. Well, she is coarse and homely enough; and, according to the notion of your 'Own Correspondent,' is dressed in horrid taste. She wears a string of jets around her head of the size of walnuts; another around her neck of equal rotundity. She does not seem to care for an ample skirt, and has utterly discarded the 'line of beauty' in its 'fall' for it is 'skimped,' shorter behind than before, and the flounces curve up on the sides. But she has a falcon eye, and her whole bearing indicates, in even more than an ordinary degree, the woman's *penchant* and power to 'rule.'"

THE GREAT CHESS MATCH BETWEEN ANDERSSEN AND MORPHY.—The chess players are very much interested in the progress of the chess match in Paris, between Andersen, the best player in Europe, and Morphy, the American player.

The Prussian has devoted a lifetime to chess, and is, besides, a professor of mathematics at Breslau—an occupation calculated to mature just those powers that make a great chess player. When Anderssen visited England, a few years since, he met and conquered nearly all the famous chess players of that country, except Staunton, who very discreetly avoided a match with him. Four games have already been played, and the score, on the sailing of the steamer, stood as follows: Morphy 2, Anderssen 1, drawn 1. The first game was an even gambit played by Morphy, in which 70 moves were made, and which was finally scored by the Prussian. The second game was a Ruy Lopez opening, which was drawn. The third was also a Ruy Lopez opening, which the American won. Anderssen played the same opening on the fourth game, and lost. The fifth game had commenced, on the sailing of the steamer, and the prospect was that it would be also scored by Morphy. The match is merely for honor. Betters offer ten to one on Morphy, with no takers.

A Paris paper, describing the game, says:

"The first game lasted seven hours, and was won by Prof. Anderssen. During the course of this game, which was conducted in the most brilliant manner, and in which were displayed an immense number of the most ingenious combinations on both sides, I had a good opportunity of studying the contestants. Nothing could be more unlike than the physique of the two players.

"Mr. Morphy is a frail, small boy, with a fine face and head, and a modest, almost timid air. Prof. Anderssen, on the contrary, is a tall man, slim, about fifty years of age, with a small bald head, a slight stoop in the shoulders, lively black eyes, a clean shaved face, and a decidedly German cast of features. He is a quiet, gentlemanly man, with a sympathetic expression of the face, which immediately predisposes in his favor.

"During this first game, M. Andersen moved much more rapidly than Mr. Morphy. Not a word was spoken by either player during the whole seven hours. No demonstrations or false moves were made by either party, to indicate to the other his plans. There seemed to be more originality, more genius, more of the 'imprevu' in Mr. Morphy's moves, and more of study and experience in those of M. Andersen. The two men are evidently more nearly matched than they ever were before.

"On Tuesday the game recommenced at twelve o'clock, and at the close was a draw.—On Wednesday Mr. Morphy beat M. Andersen two games in rapid succession, the first one in a few moves. The young giant is getting roused up."

Harwitz has been distinguishing himself by playing eight blindfold games, six of which he won, one he lost, and one drawn. His opponents were all inferior players, and the games lacked brilliancy. Morphy, on the conclusion of his match with Andersen, promises to play twenty games blindfold against strong players.

LATER.—The chess contest is concluded. Morphy won seven games, Andersen two, and two games were drawn. According to the agreement, Morphy, having won seven games, is the victor.

IMPORTANT PHOTOGRAPHIC DISCOVERIES.—The importance of the discovaries of M. Niepce de St. Victor may not at first strike the reader; nevertheless it opens a field to photography almost as extended as chemistry itself, inasmuch as almost all soluble chemical substances are rendered available in the practice of the art. Take a sheet of paper and impregnate it with any soluble substance, let it dry in a darkened room, and then inanuate it under a negative, take it back to the dark room, and treat it with any of the re agents capable of combining with the substance operated upon, and you will have a picture of almost any color you desire: for example, if the paper be impregnated with nitrate of uranium, exposed, and then treated with a solution of red prussiate of potash, a beautiful red picture will be obtained; and if this be afterwards treated with sulphate of iron, a fine blue picture will be produced; and if other re-agents be employed, instead of the sulphate of iron, pictures of different colors may be obtained.—*Photographic News.*

A NEW RACE OF HUMAN BEINGS.—Some time since a paragraph appeared in a New South Wales journal relative to the discovery, in the far interior, of a new race of blacks, "who had no hair on the top of their heads, at the place where the wool ought to grow." The account of this most extraordinary discovery has been corroborated by an eye-witness, a Mr. Thomson, who has arrived from where the aboriginals ruralize. They are, he says, of a copper color, and are tall and athletic, much superior in every respect to their dark-skinned brethren. The women are also said to have more claims to beauty. They, however, are also deficient of what is generally acknowledged to be the "glory of woman." Mr. Thomson, it appears, was at camp on the Upper Balonne, with others, on ground hitherto untrodden by a white man, when he was suddenly surprised by a visit from these bald-pated, copper-colored beings. They appeared to have friendly intentions, and as nothing was noticed in their conduct of an aggressive nature, a conversation of nods and signs ensued. After a while, a sovereign was shown to them, when one of them, picking up a stone, pointed with his finger to the far West, and intimated that stones of a similar description to the sovereign were to be picked up on the ground in masses as large as the stone he held. The place was understood to be some hundred miles farther in the interior, but they signified their intention of bringing some of these stones at their next visit. Mr. Thomson intends to return again to the Balonne, and to await their arrival. If this story be true, the age of wonders truly has not ceased.—*Bombay Telegraph, Sept. 7.*

☞ Although men are accused for not knowing their weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength.

☞ The perfume of flowers is refreshing; more refreshing is the light of the cool noon; but most refreshing are the words of wisdom. —*From the Burmese.*

☞ After all the maxims and systems of trade and commerce, a stander-by would think the affairs of the world were most ridiculously managed.—*Dean Swift.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	105	—
" " 1862	107	113
" " 1868	113½	—
" 5 " coupon '74	104	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	—	99½
" " new	103½	103½
" "	94	97
Pitts 6 pr ct	70	71
" 6 coupon	—	65
Allegh City 6 pr ct	69	—
" County "	56	—
" R R issue	50	51½
Penn 5 pr ct	102	—
" 5 " coupon	100	—
" 5 "	93½	94
Texas 5 pr ct	84	—
" 5 " coupon	80	81
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Illinois 6 " 1868	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	91½	92
N York 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	—	140
Philadelphia	117½	118
Far & Mec	—	89
Commercial	50	—
N Liberty	60	61
Mechanics	27½	28
Southwark	69	—
P Township	58	—
Kensington	66	—
Girard	12½	12½
Western	60	61
Man & Mech	27	27½
Commerce	65	—
Tradesman's	63½	—
City	40	42
Consolidation	—	97
Commonwealth	22½	23
Corn Exchange	24	—
Germantown	53	60
Pittsburg, Pitteb'g	52	—
Exchange "	57	—
Kentucky Ky.	103	—
Northern "	115	—
Louisville "	—	103
Farmers "	—	102
Union, Nash, Tenn	90	—
Planters "	103	109
N O Gas Light	128	127
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	74
Washington Gas Light Co	22½	23
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'nce	14½	15
N Liberties Gas	29½	30
Southwark & Frankford R R	57	—
Bonds	—	95
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	101	—
2nd " "	92½	92½
stock	—	—
Interest off	43	43½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1884	95	97
stock	115	116
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '58	84½	85
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '86	—	76½
stock	26½	26½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	82½	—
stock	44	44½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	36½	37½
6 pr ct loan '60	102	102½
Ches Val R R	42	42½
Tioga R R	75	—
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	71½	73
2d "	—	57
stock	9½	10
Catawissa	—	6
Beaver Meadow stock	50	52½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R stock	8½	—
6 pr ct loan	—	64½
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	—	56
6 pr ct loan	90½	—
Minehill R R	—	62
Har and Lan R R stock	56½	58
bonds '85	—	95½
L. Schuylkill R R stock	25½	25½
Long Island R R stock	11½	11½
bonds	85	85½
Erie R R stock	15½	—
Hudson River R R	32½	—
N Y Central	86½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	70	—
Michigan Southern	35½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '62	71½	72
imp. 6 pr ct	74	74
stock	9½	10
preferred	18½	19½
Lehigh Nav stock	49½	—
mort 6 pr ct	—	100
scrip "	27½	28
Morris Conso'd	47½	50
preferred	109	110
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	—	77
Union bonds	35	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds 1872	2½	3
	—	35

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 15, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solvent banks	¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solv bks	¼ dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All bks	uncertain
Baltimore	¼ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	Solv bks	¾ dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¾ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	¾ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	State bank	¼ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	¾ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks	½ dis	Old banks	2 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	Solv bks	1½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solv bks	¼ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.		CANADA.	
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis	Solv bks	1 dis

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—77 Hutton & Co, Va, $9@10; 7 Shelby, Chester co, 8@10; 45 Bruner, Ohio, 8½@9½; 15 S Cover, Ind, 7@9; 17 J Silnetta & Co, Pa, 8@8½; McQuaid & Mooney, Ohio, 8½@10; 12 Baldwin, Chester co, 8@10; 11 Rowland, Delaware co, 8@9; 40 Underwood & Co, Chester, 9@10; 32 I Abrams, Ohio, 9@10; 38 Wm Fuller, Pa, 8@9½. Sheep—4000 sold at $3 to 5 ¾ head, equal to 9@10c ₩ lb dressed. Cows the same as last quoted.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—82 head, Scott & Kimble, Chester co, $8½@10; West Alexander, do, 8½@10; 16 W Forrest, do, 8½@9½; 29 J Todd, do, 8½@10; 6 L Garis, do, 9½@9½; 22 Z Young, do, 8½; 16 J McFillen, do, 8@9; 9 Z Williams, do, 8@8½; 46 P Hathaway, do, 8@9½; 6 R Neely, do, 7@9; 47 Baxbable & Co, 9@10; 61 W Wolkin, Va, 8@10; 18 E & L Chandler, Chester, 8@9½; 16 Kimble & Kirk, do, 8½@9; 6 J Miller, do, 8@9½; 9 G Darlington, do, 8@8½; 13 J Menah, do, 8@10; 90 Stewart McClean, Va, 8½@10; 42 C Murphy, do, 8½@10.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan. 15.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour advanced—sales of 10,500 bbls at $4.60@4.80 for State, $5,75@6,00 for Ohio, and $5,25@5,50 for Southern. Wheat quiet; holders demand an advance. Corn advanced: sales of 12,500 bush at 55@56c for mixed. Pork quiet. Lard firm. Whiskey firm at 27½@28c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
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HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 29 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
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COUGHS AND COLDS.

UTICA, CLARK CO., IND., Sept. 4th, 1858.

MESSRS. TYLER & HOWES,
Gentlemen—

I had been afflicted for 15 years with an obstinate and severe cough, which had prostrated me very much, so as to prevent me from doing any work that required much exercise. I was so reduced that my friends thought I could not live long. I had tried many medicines in hope of being cured, and quit taking them and despaired of being any better. Fortunately I commenced using your Expectorant, which gave me immediate relief, and the contents of two bottles rid me of the cough. I am in my 59th year, and during the past harvest I done good days' work in the field. Yours respectfully,
THEOPHILUS ROBINSON.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON,
Gentlemen—

Above we hand you the certificate of Mr. Theophilus Robinson, whose statement can be relied upon. Permit us to say that in selling your medicines not one complaint have we heard about their not giving satisfaction. Your Sanative Pills are considered to be an excellent remedy for Liver Complaint, disordered stomach, &c. Very respectfully,
TYLER & HOWES.

The Expectorant is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the country. jan22-2t

POSTHUMOUS HONORS.

Whose memory so honored as that of the celebrated Prussian physician and philosopher, Christoph Wilhelm Hoofland? Throughout the whole extent of Europe, especially Germany, his name has for years been a familiar household word, and there are but few in our own continent who have not experienced the benefits of his great medical and scientific attainments. His celebrated discovery for the cure of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, &c., is a preparation of the greatest merit, and gives the utmost satisfaction in all cases. It is prepared in this country by Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, under the name of HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, and can be had of any druggist or dealer in medicines.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS," and has proven that Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is *the* remedy, *par excellence*, for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, asthma, phthisis, sore throat, influenza, and "last, not least," consumption.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

IN JUSTICE TO DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER, I must say that I never sold an article which gave such universal satisfaction to all who used it. I never kept a medicine that met with such a rapid sale; its virtues are the topic of conversation in many places in this vicinity. W. W. ROBERTS, Druggist, La Port, Ind.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Dec. by the Rev. Willis Watson, Mr. GEORGE T. HUTCHINSON, of O. to Miss NANCY JANE MANTS, of Shelby county, Ills.

In London, Dec. 20, MARTIN SHULTS, Esq., of New York, U. S., to ANNE BISHOP, the celebrated cantatrice, widow of Sir H. R. Bishop.

At the residence of Mrs. J. A. Gibbs, by the Rev. Jackson Robinson, Mr. BENJAMIN BLANN, to Miss DIANNA WILLIAMS, only daughter of Mr. James and Elizabeth Williams, both of Chesterfield county, Va.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JAMES NEELY, to Miss ELIZABETH CREELMIN.

On the 1st ultimo, by the Rev. Newton Heston, Mr. GEORGE W. LAMB, to Miss ANNA M. MEADE, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. R. Armstrong, Mr. JAMES CALDWELL, to Miss MARTHA DEMPSEY, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. Brainerd, JOSEPH BARNETT, to Miss LIZZIE COWDEN, daughter of the late David Cowden, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. S. A. Durborow, Mr. GEORGE H. BECHTEL, to ANNA M. MYERS.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, LUCY B. wife of Capt. Jas. Marks.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of the late Mr. Edward Stretton, aged 57 years.

On the 10th instant, ELLEN LOUGHEAD, aged 86 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. JANE, wife of Jas. E. Craig, aged 42 years.

At Camden, N. J. on the 9th instant, WILLIAM W. PIERCE, aged 33 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE LEE.

On the 9th instant, Mr. MICHAEL VANTINE, aged 29 years.

On the 10th instant, JOHN LOUDENSLAGHER, aged 40 years.

On the 8th instant, FANNIE J. HART, aged 19 years.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. MARIETTA OBERHEIMER, aged 53 years.

On the 6th instant, EDWARD J. DELANY, aged 32 years.

On the 8th instant, Mr. JAMES REED, Sr. aged 70 years.

On the 9th instant, Miss RACHEL HILL, aged 46 years.

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Wit and Humor.

SHERIDAN'S WIT.

The following is an authentic anecdote in connection with Drury Lane Theatre, rebuilt by Holland, the architect, in 1794, and by him leased to Sheridan, who became largely in his debt:—

Holland could never obtain a settlement or an interview with Sheridan on the subject. He hunted him for weeks and months at his own house, at the theatre, at his usual resorts; but he was nowhere to be seen. At last he tracked him to the stage door, rushed in, in spite of the opposition of the burly porter, and found the manager on the stage conversing with a party of gentlemen, whom he invited to show them the theatre. Sheridan saw Holland approaching, and knowing that escape was this time impossible, put a bold face on the matter.

"Ah! my dear fellow," exclaimed he, "you are the very man I wanted to see—you have come most *apropos*. I am truly sorry you have had the trouble of calling upon me so often, but now we have met, and in a few minutes we shall be at liberty; we will then go into my room together and settle our affairs. But first you must decide an important question here. Some of these gentlemen tell me there are complaints, and loud ones, that the transmission of sound is defective in your beautiful theatre. That, in fact, the galleries cannot hear at all, and that it is the reason why they are so noisy of late."

"Sound defective! not hear!" reiterated the astonished architect, turning pale, and almost staggering back, "why it is the most perfect building for sound ever erected; I'll stake my reputation on it, the complaint is most groundless."

"So I say," retorted Sheridan; "but now we'll bring this question to an issue definitely, and then have a paragraph or two in the papers. Do you, Holland, go and place yourself at the back of the upper gallery, while I stand here and talk to you."

"Certainly," said Holland, with the greatest pleasure."

A lantern was provided, with a trusty guide, and away went the architect through a labyrinth of dark and winding passages, almost a day's journey, until he reached his distant elevated post.

"Now, Mr. Holland," cried Sheridan, "are you there, and ready?"

"Yes," was the immediate answer.

"Can you hear me, Mr. Holland?"

"Perfectly, perfectly, Mr. Sheridan!"

"Then I wish you a very good-morning."

So saying, Sheridan disappeared, and was two or three miles off before Holland could descend. Another long interval occurred, ere he was able to chase the fugitive to his lair again.

HOW JOHN SWORE FOR BETTY.

The law of the State of Virginia prohibits marriage unless the parties are of lawful age, or by the consent of the parents.

John N———, a well-to-do farmer in the Valley of Virginia, was blessed with every comfort except that desideratum—a wife. John cast his eyes around, but unsuccessfully, until they fell upon the form of Betty, daughter of John Jones, one of the prettiest and nicest girls in the country. After a courtship of six weeks, John was rendered happy by the consent of the fair Betty.

The next day, John, with a friend, went to town to get the necessary documents, with the forms of procuring which he was most lamentably ignorant. Being directed to the clerk's office, John, with a good deal of hesitation, informed the urbane Mr. Brown that he was going to get married to Betty Jones, and wanted to know what he must do to compass that desirable consummation. Mr. Brown, with a bland smile, informed him, that after being satisfied that no legal impediment prevented the ceremony, he would for the sum and consideration of $3, grant him the license. John, much relieved, handed out the necessary funds.

"Allow me," said Brown, "to ask you a few questions. You are 21 years of age, I suppose, Mr. N———?"

"Yes," said John.

"Do you solemnly swear that Betty Jones, spinster, is of lawful age, (made and enacted by the Legislature of Virginia,) to take the marriage vow?"

"What's that?" said John.

Mr. B. repeated.

"Well," said John, "Mr. Clerk, I want to get married, but I joined the church at the last revival, and I wouldn't swear for a hundred dollars."

"Then, sir, you cannot get married."

"Can't get married! Good gracious, Mr. Clerk, they'll turn me out of the church if I swear! Don't refuse me, Mr. Clerk, for heaven's sake. I'll give you $10 if you let me off from swearing."

"Can't do it, Mr. N———,"

"Hold on, Mr. Clerk, I'll swear; I couldn't give up Betty for ten churches. I'll swear: may I be d——d if she ain't 18 years old—give me the license."

After the clerk bursted a few of the buttons off his vest, he granted the license.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Mail.*

A HUNTER'S ADVENTURES.—A hunter, narrating his hair-breadth escapes to an admiring audience, said:—

"I once had two balls lodged in my stomach."

"Pistol balls?" asked one.

"No."

"Ah, musket balls, then?"

"No," returned the narrator; "they were as large as my fist."

"Why, you don't mean to say they were cannon balls?" exclaimed one of his hearers, with distended eyes.

"No, they were not cannon balls."

"Why, what were they then?"

"Cod-fish balls," returned the hunter, with a grin.

☞ A man passes for a sage if he seeks for wisdom; if he thinks he has found it he is a fool.

THE COCKNEY'S BAGGAGE.

But Lovingood sends the following to an exchange. A full-blooded Cockney who is now taking notes on the United States, chanced to be on one of our southern trains, when a "run off" took place, and a general mixing up of things was the consequence. Cockney's first act, after straightning out his collapsed hat, was to raise a terrible 'ubbub about 'is baggage, and among other things, wanted to know "hif rail roads hin Hamerika wasn't responsible for baggage stolen, smashed or missing?"

"Well, yes," said the Tennessean addressed, "but it is a deuce of a job to get your pay."

"Why so?"

"They will perhaps admit your claim, but then *they offer to fight you for it*; that's a standing American rule. There is the man employed by this road to *fight for baggage*," pointing to a huge bewhiskered train-hand, who stood by with his sleeves rolled up, "I think, if my memory serves me, he has fought for sixty-nine lots, *an' blamed if he hain't won 'em all.* They give him the empty trunks for his pay, and he is making a hundred dollars a month in selling trunks, valises, carpet-bags, and satchels. Have you lost any baggage?"

"No, no, not hat hall. Hi jurt hasked to learn your custom hin case hi *did* loose hany. Hi don't *think* hi'll loose mine, 'owever."

Here the train hand, who overheard the talk, stepped up, and inquired, "Have you lost anything?"

"Ho no! ho no!" replied Cockney, with unusual energy.

"Can't I sell you a trunk?"

"Thank you, sir. No, I think I have a supply."

"Well, if you do either lose baggage or wan't to buy a trunk, *already marked*, deuced if I ain't the man to call on!"

It is needless to say that instead of raising Cain generally, as Cockney had been doing, he betook him to zealously writing notes on American customs during the remainder of the delay. Probably he indited something fully equal to the *London Times* Georgia railroad story.

MODERN MEANING TO OLD WORDS.

Aristocrat.—One who considers the respectability of his grandfather to be sufficient payment for his own debts.

Abstemious Man.—One who never tastes wine nor spirits—at home.

Apprentice.—A lad learning, by experience, the tyranny necessary to make him a master.

Balance of Power—Common sense.

Laws.—Authority for publicly whipping the wicked—poor.

Nuisance.—The disturbance caused by your neighbor in making his fortune.

Oversight.—To leave your old umbrella in a news-room, and bring away a new one.

Precocity.—The impertinence of your child.

Remorse.—The feelings of a pickpocket caught in the act.

Reflective Turn.—To have your umbrella turned inside out while turning a corner.

Science.—To tie a canister to a dog's tail, and observe whether he runs east or west.

Unfortunate Man.—One born with a conscience.

Suggestion.—Advice given by a servant to his master.

Young Man's Best Companion.—He who takes him home when he cannot take himself home.

THE SEVEN.—Mrs. John Trip was once at a court in Hartford, as a witness against one of her sons, between whom and old John a fierce quarrel had arisen. Lawyer Chapman, of waggish celebrity, was for the defendant. As Mrs. Trip was expatiating at great length on the exceeding vileness of her son's conduct, Chapman suddenly stopped her, and inquired blandly how many sons she had. After thinking a moment, she answered, "Seven." The lawyer started back, as if struck with great astonishment. "A remarkable coincidence! Just the number that Mary Magdalen had devils cast out of her!"

MRS. JONES—a fortune having been left her—engages a young attendant, whom she terms a Page; but said appendage does not add much to her dignity in the view of other people.

Agricultural.

THE LOIS-WEEDON PRACTICE.

FROM THE LONDON AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE.

The sixteenth edition of a book shows that it must be pretty generally known. How is it, then, one hears so little of the adoption of Lois-Weedon practice? The Rev. Samuel Smith* has now had twelve successive crops of wheat off the same field; the last was 40 bushels, the previous one was 36, the one before was 37, "and of prior years, beginning with 1847, the average yield may be safely given at 34." It is not that the land is particularly fertile; it "is really nothing but the ordinary heavy Wheat land of the Oolitic formation. Thousands and ten thousands of acres of the same quality extend across the country from the coast of Dorset to the Humber; and the rent of such land is under 30s, being lower by 20s. at least than the red land of the county."

These results have not been kept a secret—they have been published far and wide—first when agriculture was in difficulties, as "A Word in Season," for such it surely was when we were all desponding over the gloomy prospect of Wheat at less than £10 a load, and it told us how 34 bushels of Wheat could be grown perpetually on every acre of Wheat land for less than £7, £2 of which were rent. And these results have been published and republished, now a sixteenth time, still as a "Word in Season," for such it will continue to be, not only when farm profits are difficult, but so long as they are desirable.

Lois-Weedon practice and experience are very generally known. Is the account of them incredible? Those who only know them by hearsay or mere rumor may perhaps plead unbelief. Hardly any one, however, who has read the tract describing them can do so—a simpler, clearer, more straightforward statement never yet was written in the English language; and no one who knows either the locality or the author can doubt it for a moment. It is perfectly true that for the last eleven years nearly 35 bushels per acre have been annually grown upon the same land, without manure, at an average annual cost, including rent and taxes, (£2 4s. 3d.,) of £7 3s. 9d.

And if there be any one who has not already read of the plan and its details, we have now said enough to induce him to buy the book and practice its directions. Let us, however, before leaving it extract a passage descriptive of the method Mr. Smith adopts. The pamphlet opens thus:—

"LOIS-WEEDON VICARAGE, *November*, 1848.

"I begin, as I began long since,—My Wheat on the clay is coming up well. And it is a beautiful sight to see the thin green lines run so evenly and regularly that they seem to blend together in the distance. It is the more striking from the broad intervals that separate the narrow Wheat lands, and mark out the growing crop into rows of three.

"I only waited for the coming up of the Wheat to dig these important intervals. They are just finished, and are the beginning of my labors for the next year's crop. And I will now take you with me, if you are willing, and show you the whole process of my simple cultivation, till I have cut and threshed and measured the produce.

"At the outset of my farming, 15 years ago, the field before us was in Grass, which I pared and took off the land; then ploughed it the full depth of the five-inch staple for a crop of Oats, followed by Vetches. After this came the first triple-rowed Wheat crop, with its wide intervals, which I dug one spit deep, bringing only a very few inches of yellow clay subsoil to the surface. The second year these well-stirred intervals bore the Wheat crop, and the stubble was dug in. And thus, year after year, alternately, the same acre of land has had a fallow and a Wheat crop too. In the third and fourth years the spade went down a few inches deeper; and so, gradually and regularly, for four years more, till a depth of 16 or 18 inches was reached, when I stayed my hand; and, after that, was satisfied for the four following years with a single spit. Last year, however, I returned to the double spit and a fresh inch of clay: and this brings me back to this year's operation, which we are come out to view.

"The digging, as you see, is two spits deep; and after the pan was a little stirred, the staple and the stubble were turned upon it, the clods shattered, and the second spit, with its sprinkling of yellow clay, was gently laid uppermost, in such a form that the frost might be felt right through the whole. Look: you can almost see down to the subsoil.

"'And what follows next?' These high-ridged intervals will lie thus during winter, higher than the tender Wheat and so protecting it, and checking the drifting snow. The winter fallow over, I shall stir and level the ridges with the horse-hoe, well clean the rows and the intervals, keeping the surface of the latter constantly open till the Wheat is about to flower. Then will come a process peculiar to the plan, and which meets a difficulty in our uncertain climate of no ordinary importance. The rotation-farmer has a heavy crop of Wheat; but, heigh ho! the wind and the rain: he is utterly helpless against these: his Wheat comes down; the rain it raineth every day, and his hopes are blighted. I owe my general immunity from this disaster to the broad space of my fallow intervals, which enables me to take a turn with the plough up and down, and so—the soil being well pulverised, mind that—*to earth up my Wheat with the mould-board.*

"Immediately after this operation follows another of singular efficacy in swelling the grain; I subsoil—with Sigma's subsoiler—as deeply as I can with two horses, in the centre of each furrow just made by the plough; and this closes the work till harvest.

"The crop being carried I make preparations at once for sowing. I first lightly horse-hoe and clean the furrows; then plough close to each stubble, casting the earth back again into the centre. There are thus two furrows in each interval, and these I subsoil, which leaves the whole of the land intended for the crop in a hollow, pulverised condition. But, though Wheat loves a mellow bed, it loathes a soft one. I therefore consolidate the soil with the double clod-crusher, which takes two beds at once, the horse walking on the stubble in the centre. This being done I wait till near the middle of September for the rains, if it may be, to perfect the culture.

"I should be glad to have your close attention while I now describe the sowing; because upon the accuracy of this process depends not only the goodness and fullness of the crop, but the general pleasure of, perhaps, a daily inspection of true lines and even vegetation of this beautiful plant for ten months in the year. All machinery for sowing, besides the single-hand dibble, I have long discarded. I reject even Sigma's admirable planter, which I hear is so effective, believing all to be comparatively unsafe and inefficient; for with the hand-dibble—with the right hand dibbling and the left dropping the grain, *I can see the grain deposited.* I know it is there in its right place and at the right depth. I am satisfied, too, with the rapidity with which the practised workman does his work. It is true his work is marked out for him more accurately and quickly than he could do it himself. Another hand stretches a line, nearly but not quite in the centre, from one end of the interval to the other. With a light hand implement—invented by Sigma—which holds three small mould-boards set at the required distance apart, he now, guiding the middle mould-board by the line, draws with almost mathematical truth three minute furrows in which the dibbler deposits the seed. And, when the whole piece is completed, if the surface be dry enough, I cover over the seed and close up the channels with the crusher.

"At spring the crusher is again employed in compressing the Wheat plant; after which the hand, and the hand hoe—another of Sigma's capital inventions—are busy between the rows as long as it is safe; and then comes the last scene of all—the sickle and the harvest home.

"Sum up, then, the average annual outlay for these Wheat crops from first to last; always keeping in mind the digging process I have just described—how it began with one shallow spit the two first years, increasing by degrees to two good spits of pulverized soil, 2 or 3 inches only of solid clay being added, and for four years not even that.

	£ s. d.
Digging and cleaning the moiety of each acre,	1 14 0
Horse-hoeing ditto three time, 6s; ploughing, 4s,	0 10 0
Hoeing and hand-weeding,	0 5 6
Rolling with crusher at seed time at spring, 1s,	0 3 0
Two pecks of seed, 2s 6d; dibbling 5s,	0 7 6
Bird-keeping,	0 4 0
Earthing up Wheat,	0 3 0
Reaping, &c., to threshing and marketing,	1 13 0
Rent £2, rates and taxes 4s 3d	3 4 3
Total outlay,	£7 3 9

"Such has been the process—such the outlay. The Wheat is now threshed; what is the yield!

"From the moiety of each acre on the clay, the yield this year—1858—was upwards of forty bushels of fine red Wheat, with an estimate of two tons of straw. I call it the *moiety* of each acre, for so it literally and actually is."

Last harvest, however, closed a good Wheat season, and yielded more than an average produce; but the average yield, as we have already stated it, is extraordinary enough. The pamphlet goes on to give the explanation of the experience just described.

WINTER MANAGEMENT OF FOWLS.

In reference to the question often asked—"Why cannot hens be made to lay as well in the fall and winter, as in the spring and summer?" In reply we would say they can to a certain extent; but they require as a condition, that they be well provided with warm and comfortable lodging, clean apartments, plenty of food in all its variety, consisting of grain, vegetable and *animal* food, pure water, and gravel, lime, broken oyster shells, and dry ashes or mould to roll and bathe in.

Whether fowls are suffered to run at large or are confined, there should be accommodations provided for them, in the way of a house to roost and lay in. It is well known that cold benumbs fowls, and retards and diminishes their laying. Intense heat is equally bad for them. Previous, therefore, to getting a stock of fowls, a comfortable place should be prepared for them. The accommodations need not necessarily be expensive. In selecting a situation for this purpose, regard must be had to a *dry* and warm situation. No animal suffers more from *damp* than fowls. Hence, in order to have hens lay well in winter, it is necessary to furnish them with a warm, dry room, where the vicissitudes of the weather and storms will not reach them. Some have been so careful in this matter, and ourself among the rest, as to dig into the sides of steep banks and form rooms for them there, where they can have proper heat, and always a supply of earth for dusting. This place faces the south, with a glass front to attract the heat from the sun. The roof, in place of being covered with earth, is covered with plank tongued and grooved, and lined with boards, and the space between the rafters filled with dry tan.

Next to bodily protection, food demands attention. It is profitable, and no mistake about it, to feed hens with *animal* food in winter. In the vicinity of cities, villages, and large towns, this can always be obtained in abundance, and at low rates; warm food, such as boiled potatoes mixed with meal or bran, given *hot*, is also beneficial. If they do not lay with care and attention, give them very little cayenne pepper mixed with their warm food. Hens suffer in winter for want of exercise. They will fly from their roost, eat their breakfast, and are almost motionless, and go to roost again soon after noon, especially if they have rather a dark house, or the day cloudy and dark. We avoid this evil by scattering their grain in straw and gravel, and let them *scratch*—their natural propensity—for a living. This is the best remedy for laziness, as that exercise which gains the food, gives a good relish for it.—*Cor. of Country Gentleman.*

THE FOOT-ROT IN SHEEP.—Weigh equal quantities of verdigris, gunpowder, and finely powdered blue vitriol; add as much vinegar and sweet oil in equal proportions as will make a rather thick paste; keep it carefully covered in a jar or pot, so as to exclude the air effectually, otherwise the strength of the paste will be in a great measure destroyed, and the same good will not result from the use of it. Be very careful to cut away all decayed and ragged parts of the hoof without making it bleed, if possible. If suppuration has taken place, carefully clean away all fetid matter and with a piece of rag or sponge a little wetted in warm water, wipe the affected parts as dry as can be; then apply the paste and rub it in gently, without causing the blood to run, if you can, as I have found that the less irritation is caused the quicker will be the cure. If the disease be obstinate, a dose of salts will expedite the cure. The dressing must be repeated pretty frequently at first and then at longer intervals, according as the disease seems to require it. When the dressing is done the sheep should be kept on dry ground for a few hours at least to give the diseased parts time to absorb the strength of the paste before coming in contact with wet or dirt, which would at first greatly diminish its good effects.—JAMES ALEXANDER, *Bailiff, Hawley, Hants, in London Gardener's Chronicle.*

HOW TO MAKE CHEAP BEEF.—My stock for the last three years has consisted of good Durham grades, and I have just killed my first young bullock, aged 20½ months, and fed as follows:—For the first three weeks he got the mother's milk pure; for the next four months plenty of good skimmed milk, good clover pasture and nothing else. At the first approach of winter he was taken up, *scarcely housed*, and fed good hay, and 100 bushels carrots and 12 bushels oats, ground, at 20 cents. This spring he was turned out to good pasture, and got nothing else till Nov. 16th, when he was fit for the butcher; but not wishing to kill him till the weather set in cold, I shut him up to the 11th inst., (Dec.) and fed him hay and meal, at which date he was slaughtered and weighed the four quarters, 688 pounds. The meat of a first rate quality and very fat. I do not state this as being anything wonderful, (though it is *here*,) but I should like to learn if any of your readers can raise cheaper beef. By this plan of killing early beef, I get rid to a great extent of one great bugbear, the long winter, as I avail myself of two whole summers to one winter, and I find it cheaper to winter calves well, than grown beasts.—H. R. FORSTER, *in Country Gentleman.* *Credit, C. W.*

AN ICE HOUSE THAT IS NO ICE HOUSE.—Ice in the hot days of mid-summer, is a luxury, and no mistake—and no man who has a family need be without it on account of expense. Our exchanges are giving their readers directions about building ice-houses, packing ice, &c.

We propose to give our readers a new recipe—new to us at least.

J. W. Thorp, of Hillsborough Bridge—one of the inventive men of the day, kept ice *out of doors*, and had a plenty to spare last September. He threw down four foot wood upon a space eight feet square, sufficient to keep the ice from the ground. The spaces between the sticks were filled with sawdust or tan. The ice was then packed snugly, in pyramidal form. To make the mass more compact, in order to keep the air from it, a few pails of water were thrown over it. The mass was then covered with sawdust.

We are inclined to think ice will keep in this way better than any other. The evaporation from the outside carries off the heat, and the mass keeps cooler than it would if shut up in a tight house. There appears to be philosophy in this method.—*New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture.*

AN INCIDENT IN PARIS.—A pleasant incident enlivened the usually grave and serious lecture of Dr. C——— on Friday last. When the lecture was finished, the doctor, instead of making his usual bow, and retiring from the *estrade*, was heard to call out in a loud voice, "Let all whose hearts are free stop and listen." In an instant there was a check to the rush which was making towards the door, and amid the general astonishment, the doctor, drawing a letter from his pocket, proceeded to read it with the greatest gravity. It was from a patient in the provinces, requesting him to look out among his band of medical students for a husband for his daughter—"a beautiful girl, with a handsome dot," (dowry.) Of course, one general cry of deprecation rose from the assembly, which Dr. C———, who has dissected the human heart with even more minuteness than the human body, suffered to subside, then, resuming his discourse, he added, that the particulars of the dot would be confided to any gentleman applying for them at his house on the morrow. The old satirist needed not to be told the next day that more than two hundred applications had been received by his secretary, in spite of the cry of indignation with which his proposition had been received.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 5, 3, 34, 26, 21, you'll find to be a town in Maine.

My 8, 31, 34, 20, is a river in the north of Spain.

My 24, 20, 39, 7, a part of speech you'll find to be.

My 10, 8, 33, 17, 14, doth plough the waters of the sea.

My 20, 16, 38, 23, 7, 32, 15, I think you'll find to be a strait.

My 9, 1, 6, 24, 37, 18, 13, 36, 11, are counties of the Keystone State.

My 27, 17, 11, 4, 20, 29, 22, is a favorite with you and me.

My 22, 18, 7, 24, 11, 33, 28, 2, 37, a Western State you'll find to be.

My 19, 8, 12, 33, 17, 11, 21, are truly a delicious fruit.

My 25, 7, 14, 18, 34, 37, 28, 22, most money lenders oft compute.

My 35, 23, 20, 32, I think you'll find to be a strait.

My 21, 18, 7, 3, 33, 12, 39, 22, 11, 30, 35, 5, 24, are counties of the Empire State.

My 30, 15, 30, 27, 2, a point of compass is you'll find.

My 8, 25, 30, 33, 12, 22, 35, 20, 7, refines and elevates the mind.

My whole will undoubtedly meet the approbation of the readers of the Post.

Laporte, Ind. R. A. R.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY W. LANAHAN M.

I.

The dreadful din of clashing steel,
The deep-mouthed cannon's sullen peal,
The wounded foeman's fearful moan,
His whitening cheek and stifled groan,
All truthfully reveal the woe
That from my first must surely flow.

II.

When ribald song and jovial laugh,
Made frequent by the wine they quaff,
Resound from out some secret haunt,
Where revellers their own wit vaunt,
In that same place, I'll freely bet,
My second's members all have met.

III.

The painted warrior's startling yell,
When prowling through some forest dell,
Forewarns the stalwart pioneer
That watchful eyes on him will peer,
And that my whole will swift descend,
Unless his prowess can defend.

Tiffin, Ohio.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What Latin word which means the same
As one which we do love to hear,
Will, if transposed, make a name
That fills the soul with dread and fear?

GAHMEW.

TRANSPOSITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.

Omit my 2, 3, 4, and transpose, and I am a delineation of the earth.

Omit my 1, 2, 4, and transpose, and I am used for the feet.

Omit my 1, 5, 6, and transpose, and I am a kind of fruit.

Omit my 1, 2, 3, and transpose, and I am the masculine gender.

Omit my 1, 2, 6, and transpose, and I am used by tanners.

Omit my 1, 5, 6, and transpose, and I am a measure.

Omit my 2, 3, 6, and transpose, and I am used for cooking.

My whole was a celebrated American General.

Cape Island, N. J. J. P. McGOVERN.

PARTNERSHIP QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Joseph, James and John rented a certain patch of ground that lay in the shape and form of a perfect triangle, which they intend to plant with potatoes; Joseph wished to plant the one-half of it, James the one-third, and John is contented with the one-sixth part thereof, each for his own separate use. After the ground was prepared and furrowed out, making 120 rows, all parallel and at equal distance from each other, every person may know that the first row, running along one of the sides, was the longest, and that each successive row, as the triangle was more used up, got shorter than the preceding one, in even decreasing Arithmetical Progression, until the whole triangle was used up, and the last row was quite short. Now, supposing Joseph takes the longest rows for his half; James takes his third in the middle rows next succeeding, between Joseph and John; and John takes his sixth of the whole with the last or shortest rows, it will take a good arithmetician to tell how many rows and part of the next row each of the three named men will have to take. Can you tell? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Cretaersville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ A FIRESIDE CON.—When is a grate like an odd phrase in music? Ans.—When it has three bars to it.

☞ THE QUESTION ANSWERED.—An American paper asks why the Atlantic cable is like a turnip? Ans.—Because the thing never was beet. [Chorus of groans from indignant readers.]

☞ What is the most biting wind that blows? Ans.—A Gnaw-Gnaw-Easter. (Nor'-Nor'-Easter.)

☞ Why is a man paying his note of hand like a father going to see his children? Ans.—Because he meets his responsibilities.

☞ Why should railway travellers invariably avoid trying to start by the 12 50 train? Ans.—Because it would be 10 to 1 if they caught it.

☞ What is the difference between a seamstress and a groom? Ans.—One mends the tear, while the other tends the mare.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Saint Timothy's Hall, Catonsville, Baltimore County, Maryland. RIDDLE.—Gold. CHARADE.—Whip-poor-will. RIDDLE.—Chateau. ANAGRAMS.—Bulwer, Scott, Bennett, Duel, Friends, Ghost, Cooper, Demas, Quicksilver, Escape, Tragedy, Restoration. SPECULATION QUESTION.—$4,000 00.

* A Word in Season, or how to grow Wheat with Profit. By the author of "Lois-Weedon Husbandry." Sixteenth Edition. J. Ridgway, Piccadilly, London.